


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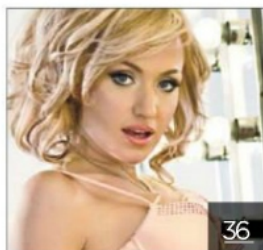
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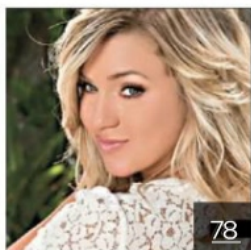




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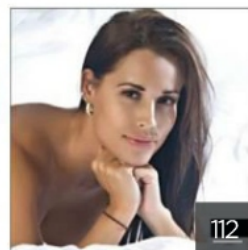
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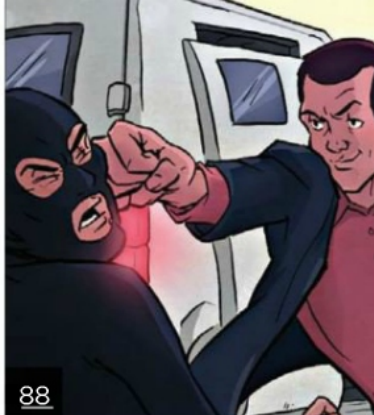
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Homemade Porn



Facing each other on a pull-out bed, we played with our tits for a while and then moved our fingers to our cunts. It was incredibly erotic to see Tara up close, working her clit, and just as hot to see her watching me. Pressing our fingers into our sopping twats, we worked ourselves to a fever pitch. When Tara inserted the vibrator into herself, I grabbed the rubber cock and buried it deep inside my quivering fuck hole.

Tara cried out that she was coming. The wet sounds of her juices on the vibrator set me on fire. I pushed the cock inside me, and couldn't believe it when Tara brought her fingers to my clit. Within seconds, with Tara's help, I was gushing.

"That felt so good. I hope you got a close-up of that, Steve," Tara said, as I pulled the come-soaked rubber cock out of my cunt.

"Now it's my turn to watch you come all over this big boy," I said, rubbing the slippery head of the rubber cock over Tara's clit before pressing it deep inside her. "Oh, yes! Fuck me!" Tara yowled as her fingers massaged her clit. Pretty soon she came right before my eyes.

When Steve told Tara to fuck me from behind, I got up on all fours. She stuffed my cunt with the rubber cock and fucked me harder than I'd ever been fucked before. I could barely contain myself, and tried my best to muffle my cries of joy.

Steve, standing at the foot of the bed with the camera, had his big cock out and was vigorously stroking it with his free hand. As Tara grabbed the camera from Steve, I opened my mouth wide to receive his huge load of hot, tasty cream.

Watching the video afterward, seeing the sheer beauty of what Tara and I had done and the joy we'd given each other, only heightened our erotic curiosity. The following weekend, Steve and Tara packed up the kids and sent them to their cousins' house.

Needless to say, the camera has been very busy since that night, capturing our incredibly hot twosome and threesome scenes.—R.O., Arizona

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

I was watching my neighbor's kids, filling in for their regular babysitter while they did the "date night" thing. Steve and Tara have been good friends of mine for about five years. Earlier in the evening I had stumbled across an extensive collection of porn they kept hidden behind the bar. After getting the kids upstairs and in bed for the night, I decided to check one out.

As I scanned the titles, I came across one that had a handwritten label. I hoped Tara was in it. I'd always had a crush on her, and thought that if I were ever to have sex with a woman, it would have to be her. I pushed the DVD into the slot, and as luck would have it, there was sexy Tara masturbating her little heart out. I knew that it was wrong to keep watching, but I do enjoy a good video of guys or girls masturbating. That this was of Tara was just too tempting to pass up.

The hour-long disc was as hot as any I'd ever watched. There were indoor and outdoor scenes of Tara masturbating with a variety of vibrators and dildos. The close-up shots of her coming on the toys were breathtaking. One scene was so hot that I decided to watch it again, but this time I joined in. I took off my clothes and restarted the DVD. I kneaded my nipples and played with

my swollen clit. Then I slid a finger into my cunt, bending it to tickle my sweet spot. My body trembled, and within minutes my cunt was convulsing and squirting juice. When the DVD finished for the second time, I put it back where I'd found it and cleaned up.

Steve and Tara came home much earlier than anticipated. Both were in really good moods. As Steve was fixing us all a drink, I confessed to Tara that I had watched her homemade porn and how hot I thought it was. Instead of getting mad, Tara said she loved performing solo in front of the camera, and asked if I'd like Steve to make a video of me masturbating. I said I would love it. When Steve returned with the drinks, he was all for it. Then he said what he'd really love to do was record Tara and me masturbating together. She and I both jumped at this exciting opportunity.

Tara went to the bedroom and returned with a vibrator and a big rubber cock. We all went down to the basement, where Tara and I stripped.

It was incredibly erotic to see Tara working her clit, and the wet sounds of her juices on the vibrator set me on fire.

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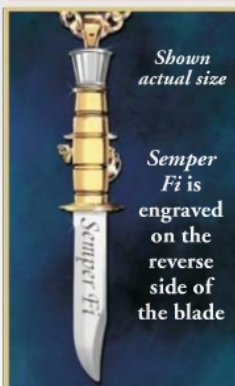
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Night of the Cougar

I was in my senior year at college and working at a bar part-time to earn extra cash. The pay wasn't so great, but the tips helped. I also got to hook up with lots of college girls and the occasional older woman.

One Friday night, a woman walked in who looked vaguely familiar. While I took her order, I tried my best to remember where I knew her from, but I just couldn't place her. She had a great body, and I pegged her to be somewhere in her forties. I kept checking her out as I served other customers until it finally clicked. Her name was Mrs. Channing, and she'd been my seventh-grade English teacher. She'd looked good back then, too, especially to a class full of horny guys obsessed with tits and ass. She'd just about finished her drink, so I mixed a refill and placed it in front of her. That's when I noticed she no longer wore her wedding ring.

"I didn't order another," she said, looking up at me.

"It's on the house, Mrs. Channing," I said. "It took me a minute, but I'm pretty good with faces."

Whether she remembered me or not didn't really matter. I was about to finish my shift, and I'd fantasized enough about her back then that I still wanted to know what it would be like to run my hands through her silky hair while sucking on her breasts. I wanted to kiss my way up from her gorgeous legs to her hot sex. I wanted to make her come and scream my name as I licked her senseless. Then I wanted to fuck her till she couldn't take it anymore.

It turned out that she lived in the area, and her car was parked nearby. I could have caught the bus home, like I usually did, but I asked her for a ride, and she was quite willing to drop me off at my apartment. When we got to my place, I invited her up for a beer so we could catch up. There really wasn't much to talk about, but the attraction was there and I didn't have to do a lot of convincing to get her to come in.

When we were inside, I backed her up against the door and kissed her, slow and deep, as I finally got to feel those awesome tits that had me mesmerized years ago. My cock had been hard and ready ever since we'd left the bar, and I made sure she felt it pressing into her belly. She moaned into my mouth and began tearing at



I groaned as her pussy wrapped around my shaft, bringing me a pleasure I'd never expected.

my clothes. I let her free my cock, then worked at getting her naked.

I led her toward my futon, and when she was lying on her back, I knelt between her legs while telling her how beautiful she was, how I'd always wanted to fuck her, how wet her pussy looked, and how I could come just from looking at her. If she had any reservations or second thoughts about fucking a former student, she didn't show it. She dipped her fingers into her pussy, and when she pulled them out I grabbed her hand and licked them clean, enjoying her tangy taste. I was about to dive in for more when she grabbed my dick and pulled it right up against her dripping-wet sex. After sliding it up and down, coating it with her juices, she aimed it at her opening and guided it inside her slick folds.

I groaned as her pussy engulfed my dick, its warm, wet walls wrapping tightly around my shaft and bringing me a pleasure I'd never expected. I started fucking her pretty hard after that, and with each slam of my cock, she moaned and bucked, meeting me thrust for thrust. Her nails scored my back and shoulders as she clung to me, trying to fuck me harder, and I gave her exactly what she wanted, banging her with abandon.

When she came, she screamed—not my name, but something I couldn't make out. It didn't matter, though, because the viselike grip her pussy had on my cock was enough to make me lose my rhythm and shoot her full of jizz.

I got to know Mrs. Channing quite well that night, and we've been fucking on a fairly regular basis. The age difference isn't important to either of us. What's important to me is that we're on a first-name basis now, which means that when I make her come, it's clearly my name that she screams.—A.W., Massachusetts

More letters on page 122

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Senior Editor	DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK
Contributing Editors	ERIC DANVILLE, BILL HEALD, JENNIFER PETERS

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Designers	PIERRE BAGWELL-GREEN, CASSIANNE GIAMMARINO
Photo Researcher	RACHEL HATCH

CIRCULATION

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ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Associate Publisher	RICH MCENTEE
Interactive Designer	GABRIEL DIAZ
Advertising Inquiries	ADSALSA@FFN.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Managing Director, Broadcast & Licensing	KELLY HOLLAND
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Licensing Inquiries	LICENSING@FFN.COM
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EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

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TEL: 212-702-6000
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REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT

Full Frontal

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A HAT TRICK OF HOTTIES

Hollywood delivered on the hot chicks last year, with Scarlett Johansson kicking ass in a skintight outfit, Kristen Stewart finally getting past the teasing, and Kaitlyn Leeb resurrecting our favorite tit-trifecta character. Turn the page to see who else earned a 2013 Dirty Dozen Movie Award.

ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL PENTHOUSE DIRTY DOZEN

The past year kicked cinematic ass. It had comic-book adaptations that didn't suck, remakes that lived up to the originals, and a seemingly endless supply of gratuitous nudity and envelope-pushing sex. Pass the popcorn while we pass out the trophies for this year's big-screen overachievers with our own damn movie awards, the Double Ds.



1. MOST NUDE-AND-IMPROVED

Kristen Stewart

Our favorite sullen siren has been taunting us for years with unfulfilled opportunities for on-screen nudity. (Seriously, how many underwear shots and body doubles can we handle?) She finally came through in a big way. Her animalistic sex scene in *Breaking Dawn 2* was the only part of the movie that didn't make us want to stab our eyes out—and anytime a real-life couple fucks on-screen, we experience a few minutes of pervy, voyeuristic joy. Then Stewart outdid herself with a topless scene in *On the Road* in which she gives simultaneous handjobs to her two car mates—can you say best road-trip buddy ever? Banner year, Kristen!



2. BEST MILF (MUTANT WE'D LIKE TO FUCK)

Kaitlyn Leeb, *Total Recall*

When we heard there was going to be a *Total Recall* remake, we immediately wondered whether they would re-create the magic of the original—by which we mean we wondered if the tri-boob hooker would be back. Because without her, the movie would just feel empty. We started to worry about her fate when we saw the new version's PG-13 rating, but director Len Wiseman didn't let us down. Leeb plays the indispensable character in the new version. And the only thing better than bare breasts is 50 percent more bare breasts.

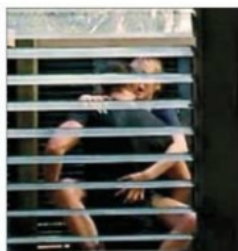


3. BEST SLASHER NUDDITY

The Cabin in the Woods

The first girl to get naked in a horror movie is usually the first to get killed—that's Slasher Flicks 101. And since *Cabin* is a meta-thriller about a group of techs coordinating the perfect slasher scenario with a group of unknowing college kids, of course said kids are pumped full of libido-boosting drugs to make sure they follow the rules. Jules (Anna Hutchison) and her boyfriend are the first to give in to their carnal urges, and naturally she's killed by a zombie within minutes—but not before we get an eyeful of her killer body.





4. WORST OBSTRUCTED VIEWING

The Lucky One

Obviously we knew this was a chick flick—it's based on a Nicholas Sparks novel, for fuck's sake. But we also knew there was a shower-sex scene with Taylor Schilling, so we were willing to give it a shot. It started off promising, but every time we thought we were about to get a glimpse of her soaking-wet body, Zac Efron's ass blocked the shot. That's so not cool.



5. BEST GIRL-ON-GIRL *Butter*

This gets a much-deserved trophy for the steamy sapphic scene in which the daughter of a butter-sculpting champion (Ashley Greene) seduces a stripper (Olivia Wilde). The movie sucked, and yet we can't help rooting for a sequel.



6. BEST THREESOME Blake Lively, Taylor Kitsch, and Aaron Taylor-Johnson, *Savages*

Kitsch and Taylor-Johnson play best friends whose Laguna Beach marijuana empire attracts the attention of a Mexican drug cartel. When they refuse to partner up with the cartel, their shared girlfriend is kidnapped—but not before we get to see the three-some share some sizzling sex scenes.



7. WORST THREESOME *21 Jump Street*

In the big-screen remake of the iconic TV show, high school narc Schmidt (Jonah Hill) throws a raging house party to impress his newfound friends—and ends up walking in on a male classmate sandwiched between two hot chicks, one of whom is sporting a strap-on. Don't get us wrong, we're big fans of gratuitous nudity—but this scene was almost too much to enjoy.



8. WORST ONE-NIGHT STAND *V/H/S*

In this horror flick, a group of criminals is hired to sift through piles of VHS tapes in an abandoned house. In the first vignette they watch, three friends—rigged with hidden cameras—take a mysterious girl back to their hotel room. Just as things are getting hot and heavy, she mutates into a demon, eats one guy, kills another, and flies away with the third. No matter how psycho your ex was, this chick has her beat.



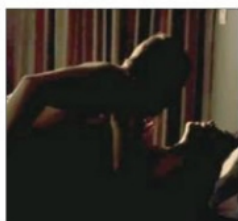
9. SEXIEST SUPERHEROINE Scarlett Johansson, *The Avengers*

Just when we thought Scarlett Johansson couldn't look any hotter, she whipped herself into fighting shape with hours and hours of intense stunt training and squeezed back into the sexy Black Widow costume for *The Avengers*. (Yes, we know she's not a superhero, just a kickass master assassin. Deal with it.) We can only hope the rumors of a Black Widow-centric spin-off are true.



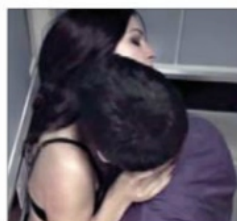
10. BEST REASON FOR STICKY HANDS *The Amazing Spider-Man*

Uh, no, we haven't developed web-slinging superpowers. We were just really glad to see Emma Stone join the franchise. We'll leave it at that.



11. BEST HIGHBROW BONING *Rust and Bone*

Who would've thought that some of the year's hottest sex scenes would come from a French film about—ready?—the emotional rehabilitation of a whale trainer who's crushed by a leaping orca and loses both legs below the knee? But really, if you can get past the bizarre premise, you'll find steamy sex scenes with Marion Cotillard, Irina Coito, and Océane Cartia (not all at once, unfortunately). And it's been garnering Oscar buzz since it premiered at the Cannes Film Festival, so watching it on repeat earns you extra film-buff cred.



12. WORST HIGH-ALTITUDE BONING *Airborne*

In this flick, Mark Hamill (yep, Luke Skywalker) is an air-traffic controller who clears one last plane for takeoff before a wicked storm. Then the pilots are murdered, and passengers start getting picked off one by one. This inspires one couple to retreat to the bathroom and join the Mile-High Club. Maybe it was on their bucket list? Or maybe when you're about to be murdered by terrorists, you stop worrying about catching chlamydia from the airplane toilet? Who knows? Either way, we weren't really on board.



And, finally, a bonus prize—a freebie, if you will.

FUNNIEST NIP SLIP *The Campaign*

In this political spoof, opposing candidates Cam (Will Ferrell) and Marty (Zach Galifianakis) meet their greatest opponent yet—a bubbly fan with a major nip slip. Needless to say, awkward hilarity ensues as they both try to avert their gaze. If only real elections were this entertaining.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (AWARD)REVEL-INK, (V/H/S) BY MAGNOLIA PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE AVENGERS) ZADE ROSENTHAL/COLUMBIA PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN) JAMIE TRUEBLOOD/COLUMBIA PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION

Movie Titles That Sound Like Porn

• *Norwegian Wood*
• *Red Tails*
• *Damsels in Distress*

• *The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*
• *For a Good Time, Call ...*
• *Head Games*

• *Here Comes the Boom*
• *First Position*
• *Turn Me On, Dammit!*



The Incredible Burt Wonderstone
Steve Carell, Jim Carrey, Olivia Wilde, Steve Buscemi

The chintzy world of Las Vegas magicians already seems so pathetic—is it possible to parody it, even with Carell in a lead role? That's almost cruel and unusual casting, but we're not complaining: Carell needs to step back into cringe-yuks after some recent dramatic turns (*Seeking a Friend for the End of the World*, *Hope Springs*). Plus, he's got the kind of company that should be able to pull off middle-age desperation in a funny way: Buscemi plays a character named Anton Marvelton, Carell's former onstage partner who was burned by a stunt gone wrong, and the ever-rubbery Carrey plays a new hotshot on the block—a mystical daredevil with ludicrous hair. We like the potential for a loserly clash of titans, we expect comedic set pieces, and we love the hot assistant turned traitor, Wilde.

FISH IN A BARREL

In *The Incredible Burt Wonderstone*, an all-star cast, led by Steve Carell and Jim Carrey, takes comic aim at the world of Las Vegas magicians.

By Joshua Rothkopf



PHOTOGRAPHED BY (CARRIE) MICHAEL GIBSON/SCREEN GEMS, (ADMISSION) BEN GLASS, (ROOM 237) COURTNEY (IF MIDNIGHT), (STOKER) MACALL POLAY

Carrie

Julianne Moore, Chloë Grace Moretz

Classic though Brian De Palma's blood-drenched original is, it takes liberties with Stephen King's source novel (not that anyone cared, including the author himself). Now come some clever Hollywood types, hoping to rain proper telekinetic destruction down on a suburban Maine town yet again. The scope of this remake—from *Boys Don't Cry* director Kimberly Peirce—is wider and gorier, with an emphasis on flaming streets and exploding high school students. But all we insist upon, frankly, is that star Moretz and her holy-rolling mom, Moore, get to cut loose with the scream-downs. They've got their work cut out for them.



Admission

Tina Fey, Paul Rudd

With *30 Rock* behind her, Fey may be bound to wander the wasteland of Hollywood rom-coms, hopefully getting a chance to flare that wit on occasion. This date movie, set at a college, looks like a smart place for her to continue: Fey plays a frazzled (and unavoidably single) Princeton admissions officer suddenly confronted by the flirtations of offbeat schoolteacher Rudd, as well as by an intense applicant who might be her son given up long ago for adoption. All the pieces look like they'll fall together a bit too neatly, but director Paul Weitz (*About a Boy*) has a knack for toeing the line between sentiment and treacle.

REVIEWS



Room 237

And we thought our love of Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* was a bit much. Meet the five obsessives who have taken that movie into rare realms of interpretive weirdness—to them, it's about the Colonial rape of Native American lands and/or the *Apollo* moon landing. After a while, our mere film fandom begins to look healthy by comparison. Rodney Ascher's hilarious and creative documentary doesn't poke fun at these people so much as open the mind to fringe ideas, some of which may creep you out like Jack Nicholson does in Kubrick's masterpiece.



Stoker

Nicole Kidman, Mia Wasikowska

After unleashing 2003's *Old-boy* (South Korea's tweaked answer to *Se7en*), director Park Chan-wook has enjoyed a larger-than-average American following, with admirers in Quentin Tarantino and Spike Lee. For his English-language debut, a risqué psycho-thriller, he's attracted a top-notch cast, including *Alice in Wonderland*'s spunky Wasikowska and Kidman, to play members of a wealthy, damaged family that welcomes a wayward uncle (Matthew Goode) who likes 'em young. Don't let the title fool you—this isn't remotely about vampires; it's a more explicit version of Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt*, and it's a sexy rush. **C+**

HORROR SHOWS

This month, our favorite fucked-up prom queen is making a comeback, leading us to reflect on the best—and worst—horror remakes of recent years.

By Kara Wahlgren



Carrie, the revered Stephen King classic, is being remade with Julianne Moore in the role of Carrie's creepy mom and wunderkind Chloë Grace Moretz as the telekinetic title character. And with can't-miss director Kimberly Peirce (*Boys Don't Cry*, *Stop-Loss*) at the helm, we're expecting bloody perfection. But not every horror remake is a guaranteed hit. Check out our list of the best and worst in recent years—and the ones we'd most like to see.

5 KILLER REMAKES



PIRANHA 3D

In the 1978 original, flesh-eating piranha were bred as a possible military weapon and accidentally released into a local swimming hole. The 2010 update reimagined the backstory—instead, an underwater earthquake releases a school of aggressive prehistoric piranha that prey on unsuspecting spring breakers—but it kept the campy spirit and over-the-top bloodshed of the original, with the added bonus of 3-D effects.



DAWN OF THE DEAD

Zombie master George A. Romero directed the 1978 version, a sequel to his classic *Night of the Living Dead*. The 2004 remake stays true to the story: Survivors of the zombie apocalypse seek refuge in a shopping mall, and although they eventually escape their hideout, their survival—and the fate of mankind—is left uncertain. While the original is still the clear winner, the remake is a bit more graphic and action-packed, making it a worthwhile watch.



SWEENEY TODD

The barbershop slasher, originally released in 1936, has a pretty fucked-up premise: A demon barber murders his wealthy clients with a straight razor, while a neighboring butcher disposes of their bodies via meat pies. The remake adds the synergistic awesomeness of Tim Burton, Helena Bonham Carter, and Johnny Depp (who earned an Oscar nod as the throat-slicing barber), which gives it an edge over the original.



THE HILLS HAVE EYES

Wes Craven cemented his status as a master of the genre with this 1977 cult hit about a family that gets stranded at a nuclear testing site and attacked by cannibalistic cave-dwelling mutants. Craven produced the 2006 remake, which was even more sickeningly graphic and gory.



THE RING

In the damn-near-perfect Japanese original, *Ringu*, an urban legend states that anyone who watches a mysterious video will hear their phone ring and die within the week. When teens start dropping like flies, one brave girl sets out to unravel the curse and stop her own death. Gore Verbinski's 2002 remake isn't quite as imaginative, but it's a solid horror flick and—bonus!—saves us the trouble of reading subtitles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CARRIE) MICHAEL GIBSON/SCREEN GEMS, (PIRANHA 3D) DIMENSION FILMS/EVERETT COLLECTION, (DAWN OF THE DEAD) UNIVERSAL/EVERETT COLLECTION, (SWEENEY TODD) DREAMWORKS/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE HILLS HAVE EYES) FOX SEARCHLIGHT/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE RING) DREAMWORKS/EVERETT COLLECTION

5 WASTES OF CELLULOID



PSYCHO

The 1960 original is the reason we still check the bathroom for knife-wielding murderers before hopping in the shower. It was a flawless horror film—the only way to improve it would be to keep the script, keep the score, and replace the venerable Janet Leigh and Anthony Perkins with Anne Heche and a masturbating Vince Vaughn.... Ha-ha, just kidding, that would totally ruin it! And yet that's exactly what happened in the 1998 remake—which, not surprisingly, sucked.



A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

In 1984, Wes Craven scared the shit out of everyone with this slasher flick about a deformed child killer who comes back from the dead to haunt teenagers' dreams. The 2010 remake was just a watered-down version of the original, so why even bother?



ONE MISSED CALL

In this 2007 remake of the tech-happy Japanese horror flick, college students receive prophetic recorded messages of themselves being murdered. It's actually a pretty creepy premise, but the execution left something to be desired, by which we mean it was a pile of crap. (Don't take our word for it; the movie actually received a rare zero percent rating on RottenTomatoes.com.)



HALLOWEEN

John Carpenter's terrifying original is the reason we still think of Jamie Lee Curtis as a scream queen, no matter how many yogurt-that-keeps-you-regular commercials she makes. Rob Zombie's 2007 remake had plenty of gratuitous gore, but it didn't scare us half as much.



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD 3D

George A. Romero's original was a grainy, low-budget, eerily realistic zombie fest. The 1990 shot-for-shot remake was ... eh. And the most recent attempt, in 2006, is basically just a string of cheesy clichés and cheap 3-D parlor tricks.

5 WE'D LIKE TO SEE



THE THING

In the campy 1985 original, miners discover a delicious white substance underground and market the goop as a trendy new dessert—but it turns out the tasty treat eats its victims from the inside. With all the scares over pink slime, mad-cow disease, and arsenic-laced apple juice, there couldn't possibly be a better time to remake this food-safety thriller.



ROSEMARY'S BABY

Roman Polanski's first American film was this 1968 creep show about a sweet housewife who conceives the spawn of Satan. It wasn't bloody or violent or jump-out-of-your-seat scary—just creepy as fuck and a little too believable. We could easily see Reese Witherspoon feasting on chicken livers and chugging tannis root in a remake.



THEY LIVE

Using the pen name Frank Armitage, John Carpenter wrote this 1988 horror flick about a magical pair of Ray-Bans that allows an unemployed drifter to see the world as it really is—namely, a consumerist wasteland controlled by greedy aliens. The current panic-inducing economy is the perfect backdrop for a remake, and one is rumored to be in the works. But Carpenter's shoes can be tough to fill—just ask anyone involved in 2011's *The Thing*.




RE-ANIMATOR

This 1985 sci-fi flick got rave reviews from critics, but barely cleared \$1 million at the box office. Still, it's widely regarded as one of the most underrated horror films ever. The science-gone-mad plot—a med student develops a serum that can regenerate life, but it falls into the wrong hands—was laced with deadpan humor, so we think Wes Craven would be the perfect director to turn it into the zombie blockbuster it could've been.



THE BIRDS

Hitchcock's 1963 classic may be one of the best-known horror films of all time. Birds flock to a small town, act weird, and peck the locals to death—it doesn't get much simpler or scarier than that, so we're surprised that no one's revisited it yet. It was reported in 2007 that Naomi Watts signed on for a remake, but that fizzled out after a few random teasers. Come on, Hollywood—the murderous flocks are practically begging for a CGI overhaul. Get on it! 

NEW SHOWS

Bates Motel

The Replacements

The world comes alive in spring, but TV land can become a dead zone of reruns and cancellation-bound duds. Yet hope springs eternal, so we'll walk you through some upcoming hits and misses.

By Julie Foster



HANNIBAL NBC

The Backstory: America's favorite cannibal (Mads Mikkelsen) dishes out advice to the serial-killer-hunting FBI agent who put him away (Hugh Dancy).
The Elevator Pitch: *Silence of the Lambs* meets *White Collar*.
The Good: Hannibal Lecter is one of the meatiest villains of all time, and could serve up some truly delicious drama.
The Bad: Without Clarice Starling on the menu, this recipe might lose its flavor.
The Verdict: We'll check it out over some fava beans and a nice Chianti.



HOUSE OF CARDS NETFLIX

The Backstory: Kevin Spacey stars as a ruthless politician who's not afraid to fight dirty as he claws his way to the top in Washington.
The Elevator Pitch: Keyser Söze goes to Washington.
The Good: You can mainline this Netflix original series over a slow weekend; all 13 episodes are available as of February 1.
The Bad: We've been bombarded with plenty of douchey politicians on the news in the past year; now they want us to watch a show about one?
The Verdict: We're tabling this topic for now.



THE GOODWIN GAMES FOX

The Backstory: Squabbling siblings battle one another and the executor of their father's will for a \$23 million inheritance—winner takes all.
The Elevator Pitch: *Brewster's Millions* meets *Arrested Development*.
The Good: *How I Met Your Mother*'s hottie stripper Becki Newton (above) should spice up the competition.
The Bad: Watching people play board games for money sounds about as exciting as watching paint dry.
The Verdict: We'll play at least one round, just to get reacquainted with Newton.



BOSTON'S FINEST TNT

The Backstory: This hard-edged reality series follows the real-life SWAT teams, gang units, beat officers, and special task forces of the Boston Police Department.
The Elevator Pitch: *Beantown Cops*.
The Good: Boston native and *Blue Bloods* star Donnie Wahlberg is behind the scenes, with any luck ensuring the show delivers arresting television.
The Bad: The airwaves are already overcrowded with cop shows.
The Verdict: Honestly, we'd rather watch *Bait Car* videos.



BATES MOTEL A&E

The Backstory: Hitchcock gets rebooted again in this prequel thriller about young Norman Bates (Freddie Highmore) and his creepy, controlling mom (Vera Farmiga).
The Elevator Pitch: *Psycho: The Formative Years*.
The Good: A stellar cast, sinister locale, and the producers behind *Lost* and *Friday Night Lights* could create a chilling origin story that's likely to slay critics.
The Bad: Knowing how this story ends might kill some of the suspense.
The Verdict: Lucky for viewers, they can check out anytime they like.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE GOODWIN GAMES) PATRICK ECCLESINE/FOX, (BOSTON'S FINEST) ANTONIO BOLFO/TURNER ENTERTAINMENT NETWORKS, INC., (BATES MOTEL) JOE LEDERER/NBC

RETURNING SHOWS



GAME OF THRONES HBO

What It's About: In a *Lord of the Rings*-like fantasy realm filled with swords, sex, and dire wolves, warring factions battle it out for the iron throne.

Stars: Emilia Clarke, Peter Dinklage, Lena Headey, Sophie Turner, Kit Harington

Why You Should Watch: The upcoming season, based on fan-favorite novel *Storm of Swords*, promises some of the bloodiest battles and most jaw-dropping twists ever seen on TV.

Where They Left Us:

Daenerys was reunited with her dragons, while White Walkers and their ice-zombie Wights marched toward the wall.



PSYCH USA

What It's About: In this underrated buddy comedy, a fake psychic detective uses keen observation skills and a healthy dose of snark to solve crimes.

Stars: James Roday, Dulé Hill, Maggie Lawson, Corbin Bernsen

Why You Should Watch:

It's like *The Mentalist* with a sense of humor.

Where They Left Us: Shawn's dad Henry (Bernsen) was fighting for his life after being shot at point-blank range.



ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT NETFLIX

What It's About: Dysfunctional but hilarious millionaires lose everything.

Stars: Jason Bateman, Portia de Rossi, Michael Cera, Will Arnett, David Cross

Why You Should Watch:

The show's rabid fan base resurrected this cult comedy series, so what the hell—reward them by checking it out. Then you'll finally understand all those references that one friend keeps making.

Where They Left Us: Bluth matriarch Lucille was revealed to be the family's criminal mastermind; Michael and son fled to Cabo on the family yacht.



SOUTHLAND TNT

What It's About: A seasoned cop trains a young, inexperienced rookie on the mean streets of L.A.

Stars: Michael Cudlitz, Shawn Hatosy, Ben McKenzie, Regina King

Why You Should Watch:

Gritty realism and shocking twists keep fans coming back to this gripping, ripped-from-the-headlines police procedural.

Where They Left Us: Tang (Lucy Lui) was saved by Cooper (Cudlitz), then promoted to watch commander.



ALL-STAR CELEBRITY APPRENTICE NBC

What It's About: D-listers compete to win money for charity and to avoid the humiliation of being fired by Donald Trump.

Stars: Bret Michaels, Gary Busey, Penn Jillette, Dee Snider, Dennis Rodman, Omarosa

Why You Should Watch:

Tough question. Well, it's an all-star season, so you can get your drinking game ready for a record number of thrown chairs, temper tantrums, fistfights, and boardroom meltdowns. And that's just Busey.

Where They Left Us: Arsenio Hall took last season's grand prize.

Game of Thrones



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GAME OF THRONES) HELEN SLOAN/HBO/EVERETT COLLECTION, (PSYCH) ALAN ZENUK, (ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT) ISABELLA VOSMIKOVA/20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP./EVERETT COLLECTION, (SOUTHLAND) DOUG HYUN/TNT/EVERETT COLLECTION, (ALL-STAR CELEBRITY APPRENTICE) HEDIGUTMAN/NBC



DVDs

BY KARA WAHLGREN



ARGO

The clever plot of this hostage thriller is infinitely more badass when you realize it's based on a true story. During the 1979 hostage crisis in Iran, six Americans escaped capture and hid for months at the homes of two Canadian diplomats. CIA specialist Tony Mendez (played by Ben Affleck, who also directed and produced the film) devised an elaborate plan to rescue the escapees by disguising them as Canadian filmmakers scouting locations for a sci-fi movie. Canadian officials issued fake passports (thanks, neighbors!), and Mendez went so far as to set up a fake movie studio and promote the film in the Hollywood press. Two seconds on Google will tell you whether the plan worked, but you'll still be clutching your seat until the last few minutes. The Blu-ray extras are chock-full of history lessons, including real-life accounts from the mission.

Muscle cars, fighter jets, psycho killers, spy thrillers.... Grab some popcorn and get the testosterone flowing with these high-octane new releases.

Adrenaline Rush



ALEX CROSS

In the latest movie based on James Patterson's best-selling series, Tyler Perry takes over for Morgan Freeman as the titular detective. The story is adapted from the book *Cross*—emphasis on *adapted*, since fans won't see many similarities—and follows the detective as he tracks the serial killer who murdered his pregnant wife. Matthew Fox shed most of his body fat to play the psychopath, but don't expect any Oscar love for the transformation—the movie hasn't exactly gotten rave reviews. Still, *Cross* fans will enjoy the Blu-ray's Master Audio 7.1 soundtrack, deleted scenes, and featurette about bringing the fictional detective back to the screen.



TOP GEAR: 50 YEARS OF BOND CARS

We're longtime superfans of *Top Gear*'s honest reviews, irreverent humor, and general abuse of horsepower. Throw in the hottest Bond cars, and we're in gearhead heaven. In this special episode, Richard Hammond teams up with Daniel Craig and Roger Moore to compile a list of their all-time favorite Bond cars, but the genius is in the nerdy trivia (a former "Stig" now trains Bond stunt drivers!) and destructive experiments (can a Lotus Excel really drive underwater?). We're hoping for some fun extras, like bonus interview footage and a more extensive look at the submarine stunt.



SINISTER

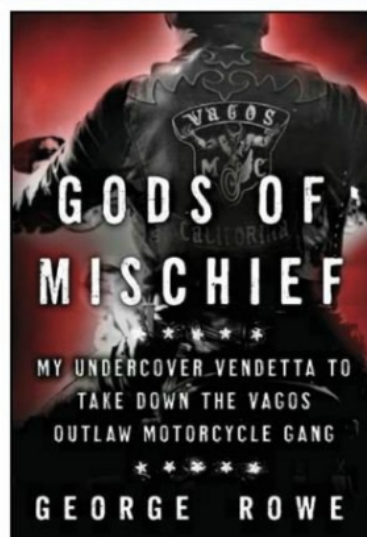
A crime novelist moves into a home where a grisly murder took place, hoping to get inspiration for his next book. (Hey, real estate is all about location, right?) In the attic, he finds a box of eight-millimeter snuff films with a few creepy similarities: Each reel depicts a family being murdered; after each murder, one child in the family goes missing; and in each video, a demonic figure is watching the slayings. Realizing his family will be the next "stars," the author tries to unravel the previous murders. It's a solid scarefest from director Scott Derrickson, and the Blu-ray will include the featurettes "True Crime Authors" and "Living in a House of Death."



TOP GUN 3-D

We don't need to explain this one, right? It's *Top fucking Gun*, and it's in 3-D, and obviously you need to own it. Before his death in 2012, director Tony Scott supervised the film's conversion to 3-D, which included scanning the original negatives and remastering the image and sound quality. The painstaking work pays off—the aerial dogfights were awesome enough in 1986, but they'll blow your mind in 3-D. The Blu-ray release (which is expected to coincide with a limited release in IMAX theaters) will also include a six-part making-of documentary, a behind-the-scenes featurette, and interviews. **OTG**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ARGO) WARNER HOME VIDEO, (ALEX CROSS) SIDNEY BALDWIN/SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT, (TOP GEAR) EVERETT, (SINISTER) PHIL CARUSO/SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT, (TOP GUN) PARAMOUNT



Gods of Mischief: My Undercover Vendetta to Take Down the Vagos Outlaw Motorcycle Gang
By George Rowe

This memoir from Touchstone about Rowe's experience with the notorious Vagos motorcycle gang combines riveting suspense with an insider's true-crime knowledge. Rowe agrees to go undercover as a way to atone for assorted misdeeds, including carving a swastika into a black man's chest (Rowe ran into the guy at a gas station). The author chronicles his gritty tale, from "prospecting"—which is the biker version of pledging a fraternity, complete with its own set of hazing rituals—to getting patched. There's plenty of sex and violence along the way. Judging from their stories, and their photos, none of these bikers are guys you'd want to run into anywhere, anytime. Just reading about them may have you looking over your shoulder.



UNDERCOVER BROTHER

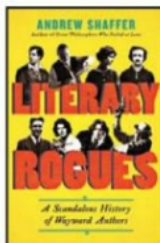
A riveting new book recounts one member's covert op against his fellow Vagos biker-gang members.

236 Pounds of Class Vice President: A Memoir of Teenage Insecurity, Obesity, and Virginity
By Jason Mulgrew



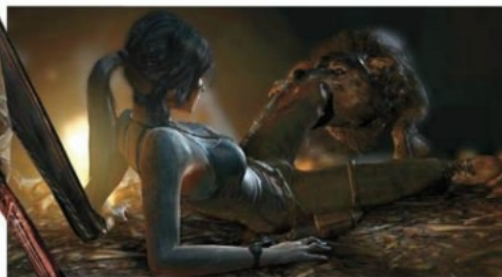
Mulgrew's memoir (from Harper Perennial) hits the usual notes of male teen angst—social status, sports, masturbation, body image—but does so in a way that's hilarious and memorable. He's the butt of his stories and jokes, mostly, but he thankfully does not employ the standard memoir trick of self-loathing. He comes across as likable whether he's joking about blue balls or his weight problem. He confesses that, as a kid, he switched from boxers to boxer briefs based on his crush's preference (not that she'd know). When he discusses being the guy girls wanted to talk to—platonically—because they considered him their "gay best friend" (even though he's not gay), he hits on a topic any guy who's ever been described as "nice" will relate to.

Literary Rogues: A Scandalous History of Wayward Authors
By Andrew Shaffer



It's hard to say which author wins the Most Scandalous award in Shaffer's tour of literary vices and misdeeds (from Harper Perennial), but it's likely that these aren't the stories you learned in high school about F. Scott Fitzgerald or James Joyce. Shaffer isn't out to demonize these writers—in fact, to some degree, the opposite is true—but he's letting us know that they were far from being boring nerdy types who spent their days pecking away at their typewriters. Drugs, debauchery, and madness were par for the course for these guys. The exploits of the Beats and the Pope of Dope (Thomas De Quincey) make the more modern authors profiled—including Bret Easton Ellis, James Frey, and Elizabeth Wurtzel—seem quaint by comparison.

Tomb Raider



SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

You'd think that after appearing in more than a dozen games over the past 17 years, saucy short-shorted adventurer Lara Croft would have left no tomb unraided and no relic-swiping thug unventilated. And you'd be right. So it makes sense that her latest escapade will explore less-traveled territory: her origin story. The straightforwardly named *Tomb Raider* is a reboot, flashing back to Lara's formative years and charting her evolution from spoiled-brat Brit to cold-blooded killer.

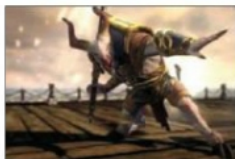
The game begins with a 21-year-old Lara marooned on a tropical island after an ocean voyage ends in disaster. Her sole goal is survival, rather than the pursuit of relics or ancient temples. She needs to hunt for food and fend off the island's unfriendly wildlife. But Bear Grylls-

style survival skills only get her so far. A band of psychotic mercenaries inhabits the island, and they don't take kindly to castaways. The game makes much ado about Lara wielding a gun for the first time and pulling the trigger on some touchy-feely creeps.

With that dramatic first kill out of the way, *Tomb Raider* treads a more familiar path. Lara uses her acrobatic skills to scale cliffs and solve puzzles while systematically exterminating the island's riffraff. She needs to slink through the shadows at first and string her bow for silent kills (or to distract enemies by firing arrows into the foliage). As the game progresses, Lara earns experience points that you can spend to beef up her skills until she's the lethal tomb raider we all remember. (The familiar short-shorts, sadly, are nowhere to be found.)

GOD OF WAR: ASCENSION**SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT AMERICA (PS3)**

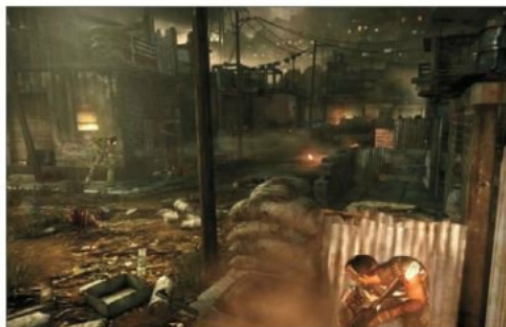
Gaming's angriest Greek god works out his issues in this prequel that throws wannabe deities into Thunderdome-style multiplayer combat—a first for the series. *Ascension* reveals the early days of bald badass Kratos, chronicling his descent into madness after being tricked into killing his family by war god Ares. Kratos takes on wave after wave of mythological monstrosities, using his wrist-chain weapons to swing foes like wrecking balls while scouring the battlefield for new weaponry. The revamped combat system is more brutal and fast-paced than ever, but the most welcome addition is the multiplayer combat. Up to eight players can smite one another, or form teams in trap-filled arenas to become champions of the gods.

**ALIENS: COLONIAL MARINES****SEGA (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii U, PC)**

"That's it, man! Game over!" whined wiseass Private Hudson when his mission went FUBAR in James Cameron's *Aliens*. Hudson bought the farm shortly thereafter, but the game continues in this official sequel. Players are Colonial Marines deployed to investigate LV-426, the stormy planet where Ripley and company encountered the chest-bursting "xenomorphs." Sure enough, aliens begin leaping from the shadows and attacking with their spring-loaded jaws. Fans of the film will be able to wield their favorite hardware—from motion trackers to pulse rifles to flamethrowers—all re-created down to the sound effects and muzzle flashes. Multiplayer modes let players switch sides and join a pack of aliens protecting its queen.

ARMY OF TWO: THE DEVIL'S CARTEL**ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX 360, PS3)**

Previous *Army of Two* shooters were tales of true bromance, crammed with action-flick quips and butt-slapping affirmations volleyed between their two metal-masked mercenaries. This sequel dials back the dude-bro silliness and ramps up the grittiness. Bullet wounds, for instance, are rendered in anatomic detail, exposing organs and bits of bone as you blast away with customizable weapons. The game is still very much a two-player cooperative shooter. Successful teamwork leads to killing sprees that unlock a new Overkill mode, which turns you and your partner into an unstoppable two-man army as you wage war with the Mexican drug cartels.



Game Changers

Add extra life to old games with these expansions.

**ASSASSIN'S CREED III: TYRANNY OF KING WASHINGTON****UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3)**

Our founding father goes mad with power, choosing to rule as king instead of becoming president. It's your mission to dethrone evil George and preserve the Union in this three-part series of downloadable expansions.

**DISHONORED: SECOND EXPANSION****BETHESDA SOFTWARES****(XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Take control of Daud, a brand-new supernatural assassin, in this add-on pack for the 2012 hit that let you slay with style. You'll skulk through new parts of town and slaughter foes using Daud's unique weapons and powers.

**SKYRIM: DRAGONBORN****BETHESDA SOFTWARES****(XBOX 360)**

This new chapter in the roleplaying hit offers new (and familiar) lands to explore and epic quests to undertake, but that's not its biggest draw. Players can now tame dragons and saddle 'em up for wild flights and fiery offensives. **O+**



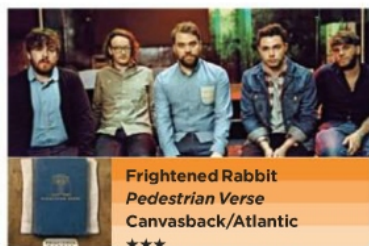
Johnny Marr
The Messenger
Sire/ADA
★★★

Johnny Marr might not be the greatest singer in the world, but he is definitely one of the most inventive and exciting guitar players around. His solo debut, *The Messenger*, puts the full chromatic range of his Fender on vivid display, from the hard strumming on galloping opener "The Right Thing Right" to the chiming chords of "Upstarts" to the Swervedriver-esque thrust of "Lockdown." The record follows a peripatetic career in which Marr cofounded 1980s indie-pop legends the Smiths, became an ax-for-hire for a who's who of pop luminaries, and joined indie bands Modest Mouse and the Cribbs, one after the other, and helped them both record the highest-charting records of their careers. He also worked on the score to Christopher Nolan's *Inception*. Now, 31 years into his career, comes the solo record—and it was worth the wait. Whatever Marr lacks as a vocalist (and he's not bad; he's just okay), he makes up for with expert pop songcraft and sparkling moments, like the torrid solo from "Sun & Moon," or the multiple virtuosic flourishes on "I Want the Heartbeat."

Guitar Hero

Former Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr's solo debut puts his considerable chops front and center.

By John Bolster



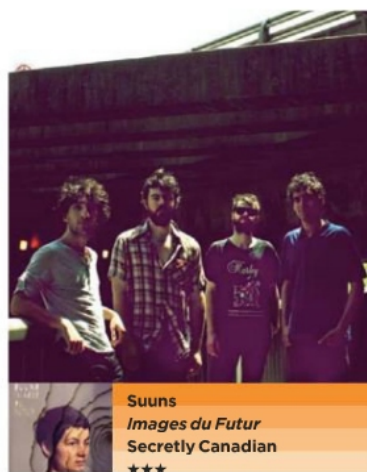
Frightened Rabbit
Pedestrian Verse
Canvasback/Atlantic
★★★

This Scottish indie quintet is just not good with titles—starting with their own, which is in the running for worst band name ever. Their last album was called *The Winter of Mixed Drinks* (more like *The Winter of Fuck You*), and this, their fourth full-length, comes with another thuddingly pretentious title. What they are good at is building widescreen crescendos and writing memorable melodies. "Nitrous Gas" revolves around one such melody, a matching guitar-vocal pattern, with frontman Scott Hutchison singing lines like "Suck in the bright red major keys/ Spit out the blue minor misery." "Holy" sails along humming guitar and booming drums, while the anthemic chorus of "The Woodpile" asks, "Would you come and brighten my corner?" Another quality installment of layered indie rock, but is it too late to change that name?



Iceage
You're Nothing
Matador
★★★

It was hard to argue against the notion that rock 'n' roll is a young person's game after hearing *New Brigade*, the knotty, unrelenting debut from Iceage, a quartet of Danish punks, all aged between 17 and 19 at the time of the album's release. The follow-up is more direct, both musically and in Elias Rønnefelt's (English) vocals—most of which you can make out this time around. That latter development is not always a good thing, but the music remains resourceful and fresh. They've embedded hooks here and there, such as the punk-rock riff that recurs throughout "Wounded Hearts" and the snaky guitar line that opens "Awake," and they continue to mash up punk subgenres with intriguing effect. The gloomy instrumental "Interlude" creates a martial, foreboding atmosphere—the band's ethos, at rest.



Suuns
Images du Futur
Secretly Canadian
★★★

It's a challenge to describe Suuns' music, and that's probably the way the quartet from Montreal wants it. They traffic in soft psychedelia, electro-pop, and krautrock, creating dreamy, affecting ambiances. This, their second album, opens with grinding, scraping guitars and vocalist Ben Shemie sounding uncharacteristically agitated, as if writhing in a claustrophobic dream, on "Pow-ers of Ten." Shemie is a more airy vocalist elsewhere, but the sense of unease persists. On "Edie's Dream," he's plagued by "these same visions/ It takes years for things to change." On "Minor Work" he coos, "It's good feeling good/ It's good feeling high" over a crisp beat and pulsing synth, but you get the sense he's reassuring himself. Some songs, like "Mirror Mirror," go on too long, but these astral-planes drifters are on an interesting journey.

GREAT SCOTS

The Top 5 tartan tunesmiths of all time.



No. 5: **The Exploited** 1979—

Genre: Punk rock
Legacy: They put the punk in punk rock, with disillusioned Scottish army veteran Wattie Buchan—by most accounts a genuine asshole—leading the spitting, snarling way. They started in 1979, and still had plenty of bile to spew—with fiery precision—on 2003's *Fuck the System*.

Stray notes: The “former members” section of their Wikipedia page reads like the Edinburgh phone book.



No. 4: **The Jesus and Mary Chain** 1983–1999, 2007—

Genre: Indie rock, noise pop
Legacy: From the Ramones to Nirvana, pop music has a history of bands combining bubblegum with heavy metal, but no one meshed the two like the Jesus and Mary Chain. Their landmark 1985 album *Psychocandy* brilliantly blends towering walls of feedback and distortion with Beach Boys-esque melodies.

Stray notes: They reunited in 2007, and were touring in 2012, with Fountains of Wayne's Brian Young sitting in on drums. No word on album plans, though.



No. 3: **Idlewild** 1995–2010

Genre: Indie rock
Legacy: They never quite got their due from critics—or the public, for that matter—but Idlewild were a force to be reckoned with, as 2009's *Post Electric Blues* demonstrated. They could soar from lofty Highlands folk to rootsy Americana to full-blown arena rock. And they started out as snotty punks.

Stray notes: Possibly the world's only band to feature a Roddy (lead singer Woomble) and a Rod (guitarist Jones).



No. 2: **Mogwai** 1995—

Genre: Post-rock
Legacy: Standard bearers for the genre, Mogwai unspool instrumental long-form compositions with exhilarating dynamics anchored by hypnotic pulses. Their guitar-heavy song parts “[coil] around each other in graceful, liquid polyphony,” as one critic said.

Stray notes: Scored the soccer documentary *Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait*, and donated a song to *Occupy This Album*, a fund-raising effort for Occupy Wall Street.



No. 1: **Belle and Sebastian** 1996—

Genre: Indie pop
Legacy: They were voted the nation's best band in a public poll conducted by Scottish magazine *The List*, and it's hard to argue. Even if they can be precious sometimes, the indie collective's jangly guitar rock and wistful balladry is consistently winning.

Stray notes: Founding member Isobel Campbell left the band in 2002 and has since forged a solo career, along with a collaboration with ex-Screaming Trees and sometime Queens of the Stone Age vocalist Mark Lanegan.

Honorable Mentions: Teenage Fanclub, Biffy Clyro, Bay City Rollers, Eurythmics, Franz Ferdinand

COME AGAIN?

Band names—like Suuns—that should come with a pronunciation guide.



Band, years active, style: **Kyuss**, 1987–1995, stoner riff-rock

Possible pronunciations:

Kee-uhss, Kuse, Kiss

Actual pronunciation:

Kai-es

Irritation quotient: Mild. Josh Homme's first band put out enough good, sun-blasted desert rock to distract from its iffy name.



Band, years active, style: **Sigur Rós**, 1994—, dreamy post-rock

Possible pronunciations:

Sigger Ross, Sy-ger Rose, Sugar Rush

Actual pronunciation:

How's your Icelandic accent? Try Sega-Rohs.

Irritation quotient: Low. According to their website, the band is named after frontman Jónsi Birgisson's sister, Sigurrós.



Band, years active, style: **!!!**, 1996—, dance punk

Possible pronunciation: ???

Actual pronunciation:

You should not pronounce the name of this band, on principle. But they recommend “Chk Chk Chk,” à la the movie *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.

Irritation quotient: Off the charts. Fortunately, their kinetic post-punk funk is not as bad as their name would suggest.



Band, years active, style: **Sunn O)))**, 1998—, drone metal

Possible pronunciations:

Soonn-oh, Sunn-O, Sun Zero

Actual pronunciation:

Sun

Irritation quotient: Medium. The band is named for the SUNN brand of amplifiers, whose logo is identical to the band's logo. (Um, okay.) Everything after “Sunn” is silent. (The name is also a play on the name of drone-music pioneers Earth.)



Band, years active, style: **Five**, 1997–2001, 2006–2007, rumored 2013 reunion; boy band

Possible pronunciation:

Five-ive

Actual pronunciation:

5. No: Five. Okay, fine: INI.

Irritation quotient: Extremely high. Both for their name and their factory-issued music. 〽️

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE EXPLOITED) SROJAN STEVANOVIC/GETTY IMAGES, (THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN) JEFF KRAVITZ/GETTY IMAGES, (IDLEWILD) ANNABEL STAFF/GETTY IMAGES, (MOGWAI) HELEN BOAST/GETTY IMAGES, (BELLE AND SEBASTIAN) JOHN SHEARER/GETTY IMAGES, (KYUSS) TIBOR BOZSI/COPIES, (SIGUR RÓS) KRISTOFER TRIPPLAAR/ALAMY, (!!!) JIM DYSON/GETTY IMAGES, (SUNN O))) ROGER KIBBY/GETTY IMAGES, (FIVE) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES, (HISTORY)/ALAMY

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It's one thing to create a 200-miles-per-hour sedan.
But if you're looking for one that's also a study in handmade
artistry, look to Bentley.



THE ULTIMATE VELVET HAMMER

Bentley's latest coupe is as well-bred as it is strong.

By Bill Heald

The legendary "Flying B" logo representing the Bentley name first appeared on an automobile in the family's native England back in 1919, just after the first World War. The marque this handsome symbol has represented since then has not only had a fascinating history; to this day it signifies one of the most exclusive, prestigious automobiles on the road and commands respect the way it demands a premium price. Those not well-versed in the company's heritage may associate Bentleys with pure luxury, a conclusion no doubt bolstered by the fact that for more than 60 years Bentley and Rolls-Royce were part of the same concern. Luxury is of course a major part of the Bentley experience, but this is a company that built its reputation all those years ago on racing success—and cars like the new Continental GT Speed reflect that heritage. This smooth, sculpted fastback takes the highly desirable blend of muscular performance and first-class coachwork to a whole new level, and ultimately creates its own special niche. These considerable engineering and design accomplishments come shrouded in an elegant, understated styling that is a perfect expression of the genius within. This machine avoids the kind of flash and garishness often associated with cars in this performance and price range, and in so doing avoids attracting undue attention to itself. Ultimately, this makes the Bentley a car that attracts a special kind of owner who appreciates this surprisingly unpretentious expression of high-end, high-speed transportation.

Tradition is found throughout the GT Speed, but it is also fortified with the very latest dynamic chassis development, along with sophisticated electronic advancements. Let's start under the bonnet, where you'll find a six-liter W-12 engine armed with twin turbochargers and advanced engine-management software. With more than 600 horsepower on tap, this amazing mill has the sheer muscle to rocket the GT Speed to 60 miles per hour in four seconds, and record a top speed of more than 200 miles per hour. Keep this in mind: At more than 5,000 pounds, this coupe weighs as much as many full-size pickup trucks and yet approaches the sprinting ability of some svelte, carbon-fiber-bodied supercars. An eight-speed ZF automatic transmission is standard, as is all-wheel drive. The latter has a 60 percent rear/40 percent front torque split so that the rear bias makes the car easier to drift out of corners under full power. It should be noted, though, that if you engage in such shenanigans, your valet might have trouble mending your dinner jacket from his

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	Six-liter twin-turbocharged W-12
Power	616 horsepower
Torque	590 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed automatic
Front tires	275/35 ZR21
Rear tires	275/35 ZR21
Curb weight	5,115 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	Four seconds
Top speed	205 mph
Fuel	24 gallons
EPA mpg	13 city/20 hwy
Base price	\$215,000

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT, FARRIGHT)
BOTTOM) RON KIMBALL/KIMBALL STOCK

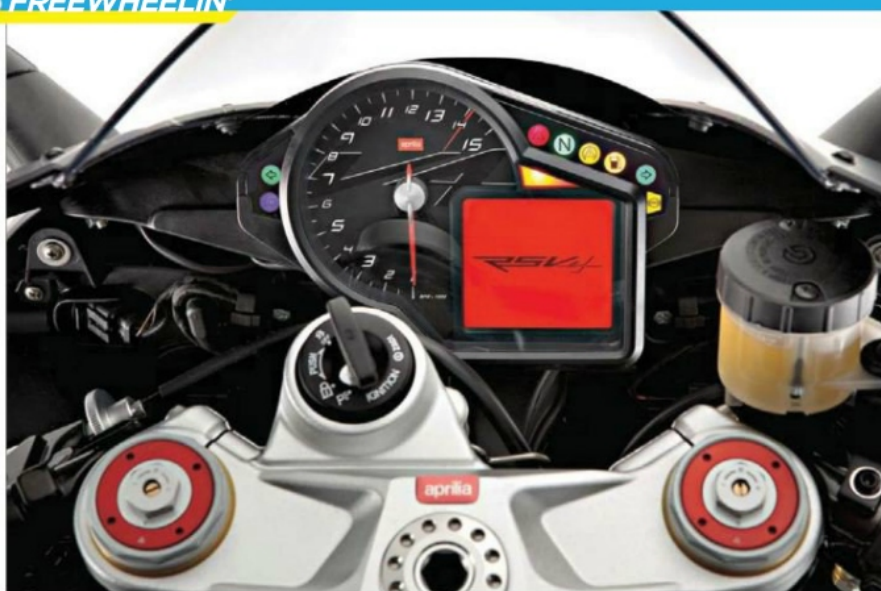


perch on the rear seat. Electronic Stability Control is present, of course, but a Dynamic Mode allows a bit more wheel spin at higher speeds. With all this mass and velocity, you would hope the ABS brakes are up to the task, and the standard units feature huge, cast-iron brake discs (405mm up front, 335mm rear) and are certainly strong. But the optional Carbon Silicon Carbide (420mm up front, 356mm rear) discs are the way to go, for not only are they considerably lighter than the iron discs, but they provide fade-free performance and are projected to last the life of the car. The chassis is rounded out with a lowered, self-leveling air suspension tuned for a more aggressive driving experience compared with the

“regular” Continental models.

The GT Speed’s cabin, like the car’s exterior styling, is elegant, sophisticated, and composed of the finest materials. Naturally the hides, wood trim, and metals used are meticulously selected to work in concert to create a quiet and (again) nearly understated interior. Bentley jargon refers to the upholstery as “luxurious yet sporting Mulliner Driving Specification, which features diamond-quilted, perforated leather hides to all four seats, door trims, and rear quarter panels.” Think of the interior as sort of a gentleman’s smoking room capable of extraordinary performance. In every other way as well, this is a truly extraordinary coupe that is as unique as it is exclusive. **CH**





Max Biaggi and Aprilia have a lot in common. They both hail from Italy, both go really fast around a racetrack, and both are multi-time World Superbike champions. It should come as no surprise, then, that Biaggi announced his retirement from racing after winning the 2012 World Superbike Championship, once again aboard the Aprilia RSV4. The company has now released two new 2013 versions of the bike, and both models apply some of the latest breakthroughs that helped Biaggi achieve his second World Superbike title. Aprilia has proudly proclaimed, "The two new RSV4 versions, Factory ABS and R-ABS, are the fastest, most powerful, and safest RSV4 units ever built." Once you delve into the details of the latest RSV4 hard parts, it's easy to see how an ace like Biaggi was able to defeat superbike offerings from the likes of Ducati, BMW, Honda, Kawasaki, and Suzuki on some of the most demanding tracks in the world. Best of all, the bike you can purchase at your dealer isn't that far removed from Biaggi's race bike, especially in terms of the power, finesse, and control delivered by advanced electronic-management systems.

The two versions are basically the same bike, with the Factory getting a few additional top-shelf parts and a corresponding increase in price. The beauty of these amazing machines is so much more than skin-deep, for at their heart is a truly soulful 184-horsepower engine that is one of motorcycling's greatest treasures. There's four-cylinder power, but the cylinders are arranged in compact V-4 fashion, with a 65-degree spread between cylinder banks. Since it's placed longitudinally in the aluminum twin-spar frame, the bike is very narrow, despite having four cylinders (so you can tuck in and generate wicked top speeds). This is a way of combating the V-twin competition, which has always had very narrow profiles. The engine also benefits from Aprilia Performance Ride Control, which incorporates a dizzying array of rider-adjustable parameters, including eight-level Traction Control, three-level Wheelie Control, three-setting Launch Control, and a Quick Shift system that allows wide-open,


FRESH FROM THE TOP OF THE PODIUM

Aprilia wins another World Superbike title, and we get the trophy.

By Bill Heald



clutchless upshifts from the six-speed transmission. Even the ABS braking system goes the route of high-tech rider customization, including Track, Sport, and Road settings (and you can switch the ABS software off entirely as well). With so many settings available—and naturally the suspension also offers full adjustability, with Öhlins components on the Factory and Sachs for the R-ABS—it's almost like having your own racing crew onboard to fine-tune the bike to your style and riding ability.

Of course, it was his extraordinary riding ability that made Max Biaggi a champion. But the beauty of these RSV4s is their ability to enhance the riding skills of mere mortals like us, and modify performance to keep output at a safe, comfortable level. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 65-degree V-4
Bore x stroke	78mm x 52.3mm
Displacement	999.6 cc
Fuel system	Weber-Marelli fuel injections with 48mm throttle bodies
Ignition	Magneti Marelli digital electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320mm rotors, radial calipers, Bosch ABS
Rear brake	Single 220mm rotor, Bosch ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	200/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.9-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	60 inches
Seat height	33 inches
Curb weight	399 pounds; R-ABS: 410 pounds
Base price	RSV4 R: \$17,499; RSV4 Factory: \$23,499



PERSONAL ITEMS

Seven ways to enrich—and record—your life.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Lifelogging camera

Memoto • \$279

This is designed for people who leave no meal, mishap, or minutiae undocumented. It's a stamp-size camera that clips to a shirt collar and dutifully documents the wearer's life. It snaps a five-megapixel photo every 30 seconds (automatically orienting pics so they're upright), then uploads its cache to Memoto's cloud service whenever you plug the camera into a PC for recharging. Each picture is tagged with time, location, and GPS data to help you search for significant moments. All photos are kept private until approved—a crucial safeguard against accidentally oversharing embarrassing personal habits.

■ Pebble E-Paper watch

Pebble Technology • \$150

The Pebble isn't the slimmest or sexiest thing you can strap to your wrist, but this "first watch built for the twenty-first century" does a lot more than display time and date. It's actually a Bluetooth-connected extension of your iPhone or Android smartphone. The high-resolution E-Paper display shows text messages and emails, provides caller ID, flashes weather alerts, keeps tabs on Twitter and Facebook messages, controls your music, and runs a growing variety of apps. A bicycling and running app, for instance, taps into your phone's GPS to display distance and speed. Pebble's features will be updated over time. Someday you'll be able to order a pizza, then monitor the pie's effect on your cholesterol levels in real time.



■ Aspire S7 Ultrabook

Acer • \$1,400 and up

If you think a touch screen is superfluous on a laptop (as Apple's execs clearly do), then you haven't tried Acer's flagship Ultrabook. At 1,920 by 1,080 resolution, its 13.3-inch, 10-point touch screen is easier on the eyes for browsing and document-viewing than most Windows 8 tablets and hybrids. While the backlit keyboard features a trackpad for Microsoft's new gesture-based commands, you'll soon find yourself using the touch screen for everything but typing (the screen even folds flat to prevent arm fatigue). Inside the S7's Gorilla Glass 2 shell, you'll find top-of-its-class components, including a third-generation i7 processor in the highest-end model, and a dual-fan system that keeps your lap cool. The six-hour battery life falls short, but otherwise this Ultrabook is just as portable—and certainly more practical—than any tablet or hybrid.



■ E701i-A3 70-inch LED Smart TV

Vizio • \$2,000

In terms of its cost-to-screen-size ratio alone, Vizio's 70-inch smart set is the best bargain in boob-tubedom. But this ultrathin LED has more going for it than its thrifty price and nearly six-foot screen. Built-in Wi-Fi offers access to Vizio's full lineup of Smart TV apps—everything from Skype to the usual movie-streaming services (a QWERTY keyboard on the remote makes searching a snap). The screen itself offers vivid color reproduction and is brilliantly backlit; you'll never have a dull moment even in a brightly lit room. It maintains its 1,080p resolution at a refresh rate of 120Hz, which makes it adequate for gaming and keeping your eye on the ball in sports broadcasts.



■ Hardshell backpack

Solid Gray • \$180

There's a reason this backpack looks like a polygonal power-up from a PlayStation 1-era videogame. It's constructed from a single sheet of polypropylene block copolymer—a space-age material that can bend millions of times without snapping. The polymer is machine-folded into a sturdy shell inspired by armadillo hide. The pack can accommodate a 15-inch laptop in its padded main compartment, while smaller pockets hold your phone, wallet, dime bag, etc. The seamless design is water-resistant, although you'll probably want to spring for Solid Gray's waterproof cover if you expect to be in heavy rain. (Buyer beware: The company claims the pack suits the cabin requirements of *most*, not all, airlines.)

■ VMultra hard drive

Velocity Micro • \$200

Sleek PC netbooks and tablet hybrids offer supreme portability at the cost of a few essential hardware features. The VMultra adds those features back, but only when you need them. It combines a DVD reader/burner, a 500-gigabyte hard drive, a digital-card reader, and a 3.0 USB hub into a single svelte peripheral that draws all its power from your machine's USB connection. Sure, it seems a shame to encumber your sexy device with a clunky external drive—the equivalent of putting Coke-bottle glasses on a Penthouse Pet—but the VMultra does take the hassle out of installing older software and managing your media for long trips.



■ WorldRadio

Geneva • \$300

Geneva's WorldRadio might look like the old transistor model your granddad propped on his knee to listen to the ball game, but it's actually a high-tech, high-fidelity receiver that can tune in any station near or far. A digital FM tuner picks up all the local signals, while Bluetooth connectivity (or the 3.5mm line input) streams internet radio stations from your smartphone, tablet, or laptop. Sound is surprisingly loud and clear, considering the unit's small size. An alarm clock on the touch screen and a six-hour rechargeable battery make the WorldRadio suitable for both the bedside table and a tailgate bash.



Online TMI

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal when you're suddenly faced with a friend's naked oversharing.

Illustration by Celia Calle



The other night, I was in the middle of performing my nightly ritual of masturbating before bed. I was on my tablet surfing an amateur porn website where photos are submitted by users. One woman was featured in more than 20 photos, mostly naked self-portraits that looked like cellphone photos, and a few of her hard-core fucking. She, and the pics, would have been extremely hot if it weren't for the fact that she's my wife's best friend. I'm not sure what to do in this situation, or if I should do anything at all. If I tell my wife, I have to suffer the slight embarrassment of admitting to whacking it to online porn. Or do I pretend the photos don't exist and hope her friend knows she's naked and fucking on the internet?

Before we get into my answer to your dilemma, here is a fascinating game for everyone to play. Ring up your old man and ask him how many people he knows who have posed naked, or who he's seen nude photos of. Next, ask your friends. Finally, find a couple of teens and college-age kids and ask them. Don't be alarmed by the massive jump in numbers, or by the photos those college students have saved on their phones. (Okay, set aside the results of that informal survey.)

Now let's squash the idea that your wife is clueless about your nightly pecker-poundings. She knows full well what you're doing in the bathroom for 20 minutes before bed. My guess is that if it keeps you off her ass (literally and figuratively) for the evening so she can watch *The Next Iron Chef*, she's all for your nightly knob-knocking.

You're missing the most obvious solution: Go right to the best friend about the photos. There are a couple of likely outcomes. One, you tell her what you saw and maybe even provide her with a link. (Don't be embarrassed about admitting to your perusal of porn, since you're not the one getting slammed online for all the world to save to their hard drive.) Tell her that you didn't tell your wife because you figure the fewer people who know, the better. She might be oblivious to the photos and thankful for your honesty and discretion.

The second possible scenario is, she submitted those photos to the website herself and is just as horny as she appears on the web. You're now face-to-face with possible side action. Of course, there is the sticky situation of your new fuck buddy being totally cool with posting personal sex photos online. Be careful. Remember that survey you did? Do you really want all those people to answer, "You mean besides you?"



THE IRISH SPIRIT

Step aside, Guinness. What are you looking at, Scotch? Ireland's hot new export is whiskey.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

For connoisseurs of fine spirits, the Irish Sea is an important boundary. To the east there's Scotland, a nation lauded for its namesake Scotches, which are sometimes smoky, sometimes saline, and always impeccable sipping elixirs. To the west, separated by the North Channel, there's Ireland, a nation known for Jameson—the Guinness wingman and bad-idea whiskey you slam with your buddies at a bar.

While Scottish whiskies have long garnered accolades, Irish whiskeys are gaining ground. According to the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States, Irish whiskey is America's

fastest-growing spirits category, increasing more than 300 percent over the last decade. "Consumers are becoming more knowledgeable about spirits and are seeking out whiskeys with more unique and complex flavor profiles," explains Bob Gorman, marketing director for world whiskey at Beam Inc.

What makes Irish whiskey unique is that there's no standardized formula. For example, bourbon must be at least 51 percent corn and aged in new, freshly charred oak barrels. By comparison, the Irish Whiskey Act of 1980 declares that Irish whiskey must be distilled to an alcohol-by-volume of less than 94.8 percent and aged on the island in wooden casks for at least three years. If two or more distillates are combined, then the spirit is called blended Irish whiskey. This gives the nation's four main distilleries a wide-open playground, even if it is littered with misconceptions.

One common assumption about Irish whiskey is that it's distilled three times for a lighter flavor, whereas Scottish whiskies are distilled twice. It's true that Irish whiskeys such as Jameson and Redbreast are triple-distilled, but there's an exception in the smooth, double-distilled Kilbeggan (about \$20). A second assumption is that only Scottish whiskeys are made with peat-smoked malt. In fact, Ireland has its own campfire-

scented spirit in Connemara. Like its Scottish siblings, the Irish whiskey is made with barley malt that's dried over a peat-fueled fire. Don't care for smoke? Try Tyrconnell, a single-malt whiskey named after a racehorse that beat 100-to-1 odds. (*Single malt* refers to whiskeys made with malted barley; *single pot still whiskey* refers to a spirit made with a blend of malted and unmalted barley.)

In fact, the single-malt category is filled with a number of appealing options. For starters, look to Bushmills. I'm not a fan of the flagship blended whiskey, but you'll find lots to love in the 10-, 16-, and 21-year-old versions. Another excellent value whiskey is the 80-proof Redbreast, which is aged for a dozen years before its release; the special-edition cask-strength Redbreast comes in at a knee-knocking 115 proof.

Perhaps the surest sign of Irish whiskey's evolution is found in that old workhorse Jameson. Recently, the distiller rolled out Select Reserve Black Barrel, Jameson's older and more elegant brother. Whereas standard Jameson is aged for five to seven years, Black Barrel slumbers in wood for around 12 years, developing rich, complex nuances and a flavor that lingers until your next eager, greedy nip.

Give these Irish whiskeys a shot. Better still, I suggest you sip them nice and slow. **OTW**



FIVE TO TRY

■ Connemara Peated Single Malt Irish Whiskey

Connemara is made with peat-smoked barley, while a stint in bourbon barrels balances out the smoke with lush vanilla and oak.

■ Kilbeggan

The distillery was founded in 1757 before falling on hard times in the 1950s and closing. Production was revived in 2007, marking the rebirth of this double-distilled indulgence soaked in caramel and vanilla.

■ Bushmills 16

Batches of Bushmills are separately aged in bourbon and sherry casks for 16 years, then blended and finished in port-wine barrels. The complex result is a tango of oak, almonds, and dark chocolate.

■ Powers Gold Label

Pop quiz: What's the best-selling whiskey in Ireland? It's Powers, which is made from a blend of pot still and grain whiskey. It's a honeyed, grassy sipper with a bitter edge.

■ Jameson Select Reserve Black Barrel

Forget everything you know about Jameson. A long nap in bourbon and sherry barrels imparts deep, rich flavors of vanilla and fruit that are complemented by toasty spice. **OTW**





film strip tease

Angela Sommers was an immediate hit with our readers when she was named our May 2012 Pet of the Month. Now we're delighted to announce that the 29-year-old with the mouthwatering 36D rack is our 2013 Pet of the Year Runner-Up. We're looking forward to spending a lot more time with her this year, and we're sure you are as well.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi





PROD.

ROLL

SCENE

TAKE

DIRECTOR:

CAMERA:

DATE:

"Being a Pet meant I was part of a group of respected women in the adult industry, and it opened up many opportunities for me to grow, both as a person and as a model and performer."


Day Nite Int Ex
Filter

"My fans were so happy for me when I became a Pet. I think they were proud to know me. Some of them have stuck with me for years, and they always knew I would make it big!"







A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing red high-heeled shoes and jewelry, posing on a dark wooden chair. She is leaning back, looking up, with her hands resting on her hips. The background is a solid dark red color.

“One of the things I like most about myself is that I’m happy just the way I am. I’m at a good place in life. And I love encouraging other women to feel comfortable in their own skin, and with their sexuality.”



"What turns me on most? Someone who knows how to be firm but gentle, who can make me swoon with adoring words. Also, in a man, I like strong hands. In a woman, curves and sparkling eyes."





"I love to fantasize about having sex while my partner is driving, straddling him and riding him at my own version of 90 miles an hour. You'd have to have the right truck, one with plenty of room, so it hasn't happened for me yet."

SEE MORE OF ANGELA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





So You Want to Be a NASCAR Driver?

You'll need a lot of time, and a lot of effort, but mostly a whole lot of money.

By Noah Davis

During his eight years in the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series, J. J. Yeley has run nearly 35,000 laps, covered more than 45,000 miles, and earned more than \$16 million. He's never won a race, but the 36-year-old from Phoenix finished in the top five once in 2007 and once in 2008. A well-liked figure in the racing world, Yeley isn't the best driver on the circuit, but he's done well enough to hang around in the difficult game that is NASCAR's highest level for nearly a decade. And of course there's that \$16 million.

But when Yeley tries to qualify as one of the 43 drivers to participate in the Daytona 500 on February 24, he'll do so as a member of a dying breed. The man who began his Sprint Cup career at the 2004 California 500 grew up driving midget cars and sprint cars—the high-powered, open-wheel vehicles that feature on dirt ovals around the country. “That’s my passion,” he says, even though he has spent the majority of his career in stock cars.

Yeley followed in the footsteps of his father—a dirt-track champion in Arizona—before moving to Indianapolis, the hotbed of racing in the 1990s. He made the IndyCar circuit, finishing ninth in the 1998 Indianapolis 500, but his team ran out of money and he had to return to the unpaved racing world. “It was a good living,” he says of the grittier open-wheel circuit. “It was a lot of fun. It was a lot of work. I won five championships in the United States Auto Club Series [USAC], which dates back to Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt, a lot of my heroes.” Through the years, the USAC has

been home to many young drivers striving for the spotlight, kids coming up through the ranks, sending dirt flying as they tear around tracks across the Midwest, hoping to catch the eye of an owner from a bigger circuit.

In addition to Andretti and Foyt, Richard Petty got his start in the USAC. “They were the generation that moved from the rough-and-tumble, Saturday-night dirt-track races with the lug-wrench fights and graduated to big-time Cup racing,” says Al Pearce of *Autoweek* magazine. Yeley took the same route to the bigs. In 2003, he became only the second driver to win the USAC Triple Crown, finishing on top of the circuit’s three championships. That got NASCAR to come calling. Nine years later, Yeley is still in the game, bigger and richer, and cherishing the route he took to the top level. Today, there are very few drivers on the circuit who got their start on dirt. Now aspiring drivers know two things: pavement and sponsorship money—and not necessarily in that order. It’s a different world now.

The Sprint Cup Series—formerly known as the NEXTEL Cup and the Winston Cup before that—is the richest racing outfit in the land, the El Dorado of stock cars. Brad Keselowski, the 2012 champion, won at least \$108,930 in each of the 36 races he ran last year. Yeley, who finished a distant 38th, made nearly

\$2 million for the season. It's the big time, but getting there can be a long slog, whether you're coming from the dirt tracks or from the lower levels of paved racing. Drivers who start on the lowest rung of paved racing try to work their way up to the Camping World Truck Series. After that comes the Nationwide Series, which experts compare to Triple-A baseball. Succeed in Nationwide, and you're on the brink of the major league that is the Sprint Cup. If you're good—the next coming of Jimmie Johnson, Jeff Gordon, or Tony Stewart—you'll rise quickly. But in the old days, even the lesser lights on the Nationwide Series usually got a chance at the bigs if they toiled for half a decade or so.

Nowadays, other factors have entered the equation. "[When I was coming up,] it was a lot more achievable to make that step up from a smaller series based on your ability behind the wheel of a race car," Yeley says. "Now, it's really, really difficult because everything is so sponsor-driven that a lot of teams need some type of compensation for the driver of the car."

It costs 10 to 20 million dollars to field a car for an entire Sprint Cup campaign. That money comes from sponsors. Those sponsors don't simply want someone to get their car from point A to point B; they want to see a return on their investment. They want a face they can sell, a charismatic personality who can extend their brand. In essence, they want a driver and a pitchman. After he clinched the 2012 championship, Keselowski gave a live interview to ESPN while drinking a beer produced by his sponsor out of an oversize glass emblazoned with the sponsor's logo. His sponsor's logo was also plastered across the front of his driving suit and on the side of the cap he was wearing, and he referenced the product—which, again, he was drinking on camera—several times during the interview. The segment amounted to a five-minute ad.

Jeff Gluck, who covers racing for SBNation.com, agrees with Yeley that the calculus of who gets a spot behind the wheel is changing. "It used to be if you were good, then you were going to get a shot. Now, being good doesn't guarantee anything. The best way to ensure a

seat is either by having a rich dad or knowing someone who is rich who will sponsor you. Then you can go to a team with the money and say that you're going to be the driver," he says. He points to former IndyCar driver Danica Patrick as another example. "Is she qualified necessarily to be moving up to the Sprint Cup Series [full time] next year? Not really, no. Not compared to some other guys. But Go Daddy has the money to do it. They are going to Stewart-Haas Racing and saying, 'We want a girl in Sprint Cup.' Stewart-Haas gets a funded team out of it. I don't think they are expecting to win any races, but that's the deal." Patrick ran five Sprint Cup races in 2012, placing no higher than 17th in any of them.

For his part, Pearce, who started covering racing in 1969, believes big-time stock-car racing has always been about the Benjamins. "Since day one, money has pretty much ruled these things," he says. "Unless you are incredibly, filthy rich independently you can't race without [outside] money. The financial part hasn't been just since the recession. It's been all along. Everybody fought for every nickel they could get."

Now, they're fighting for every million they can get. Pearce cites a number of recent drivers, such as Brian Scott and Paul Menard, as guys who got their rides in part because of their family fortunes. "His family is pretty wealthy," he says of Scott, who will drive for Richard Childress Racing's Nationwide team in 2013. "I don't want to say he's bought his way into decent rides, but he's got good rides because he can bring money with him." As for Menard, who won the Brickyard 400 in August 2011 and has a very wealthy father, Pearce says, "I don't know that anybody says that Paul Menard is a great driver, but if he brings even a mediocre résumé to a team that needs money, he'll get a ride. And he'll probably keep that ride as long as his father is willing to be the sponsor."

Sometimes, though, money is not enough. Take the case of 23-year-old aspiring racer John Wes Townley. "His father is also filthy rich," says Pearce, "but his on-track performance is so bad, that although he gets a good ride, he can't keep it." Townley is currently driving a Toyota Tundra for Red Horse Racing in the Camping World Truck Series.

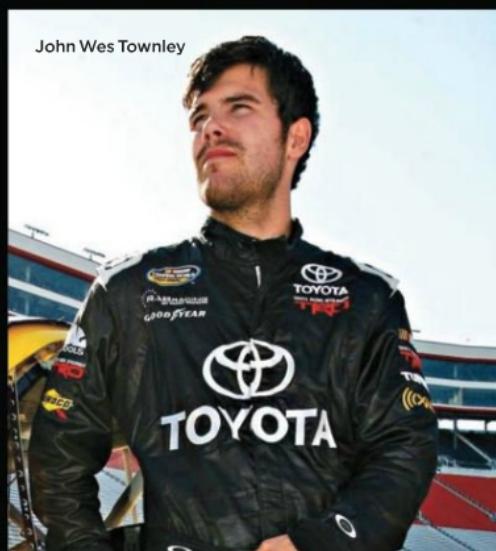
And then there is the biggest



J. J. Yeley



Danica Patrick



John Wes Townley



Dale Earnhardt Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) JAMES SQUIRE/GETTY IMAGES, TYLER BARRICK/GETTY IMAGES (2), (ABOVE) JARED C. TILTON/GETTY IMAGES

name, and biggest question mark, of them all: Dale Earnhardt Jr. "A lot of us question his love of the sport or his deep-down commitment to it, because losing doesn't seem to bother him, and he's been losing for years," Pearce says. "But with his father's name and the money that his father provided him, he progressed through the ranks. Now he's with Hendricks Motorsports and not doing very well, but he has no shot at losing his ride because he's a sponsor's dream."

Of course, any driver has to have a baseline level of ability to last very long. For car owners and sponsors, patience is a virtue they can't afford, often quite literally. A driver who destroys equipment faster than he brings in cash will be out of a ride very quickly. That's one advantage of the dirt-track series, where the financial stakes are much smaller. Drivers need to understand their cars, their equipment, and, in a pinch, help the crew—which sometimes consists


only of themselves and a loved one—figure out what's wrong. The smaller circuits allow drivers to learn the tools and tricks of the trade without the glare of the spotlight.

In addition to Yeley, Stewart came from USAC, as did 47-year-old Nationwide competitor Mike Bliss and rising star Kyle Larson, the 20-year-old Californian who is currently driving as a member of Earnhardt Ganassi Racing's development team. In 2012, Larson took a few runs in the Truck Series and made 14 starts in the K&N Pro Series East. He won Rookie of the Year, and his future looks promising. Larson, too, sees the potential long-term advantages in progressing from dirt tracks to pavement.

"Dirt really helps a young driver learn car control. On a dirt track, the preferred line might change every two or three laps," Pearce says. "The kids who can really control a car on dirt can transfer that to a NASCAR

car and really hang it out more. They can drive it harder because they know what is going to happen."

Yeley, who should know, agrees: "In the most current style of racing, most of our runs are green-flag runs. You're making a 30- to 40-lap run. The car is going to change dramatically from a full tank to near the end of the run. You have to be able to adapt to your race car. Anyone can drive the perfect race car very, very fast. It's taking the car that's ill-handling and getting the most out of it. For a long time, guys who came from dirt were able to adapt and could handle a car that wasn't driving perfectly. Like the old days, you just throw your elbows up and make the car do something it doesn't want to do."

In the cutthroat world of NASCAR's Sprint Cup, there's nothing wrong with throwing your elbows up and trying to make something happen. But you better be darn sure that the sponsors approve. 

THE EDDIE MURPHY SHOW

At the first televised tribute to Eddie Murphy and his remarkable 30-year career, the star was celebrated by the biggest names in comedy.

By Harmon Leon

A Hollywood buzz is in the air at the Saban Theater in Los Angeles. Jamie Foxx, Tyler Perry, Chris Rock, Arsenio Hall, Adam Sandler, Tracy Morgan, Martin Lawrence, Keenan Ivory Wayans, and many more funnymen will be here tonight to praise the man who influenced them. I feel like an excited kid as I interview some of my favorite comedians on how Eddie Murphy changed the face of comedy.

Murphy's brother Vernon, a producer of the show, talked Eddie into having his ass kissed for an hour and a half. He claims he said, "You need to do this. They've done Tom Green twice. Do this show!"

Back at the age of 15, aspiring comedian Eddie Murphy exploded onto the scene like a shot from a cannon, taking risks and being an innovator. He took the storytelling prowess of Bill Cosby, melded it with the fiery realism of Richard Pryor, and developed a voice that

was uniquely his own.

"Eddie broke stand-up out of the mold of a guy with a microphone just talking," frequent costar Arsenio Hall says. "He brought a certain versatility to it. Think of the first time you saw 'James Brown's Celebrity Hot Tub Party.' You realized this guy has got musical ability." He adds, "Eddie set the bar high."

Just one example of Eddie's genius: *Beverly Hills Cop* was originally a Sylvester Stallone movie. Once Eddie was cast, he rewrote the script—and the rest is cinematic action-comedy history. "My job was to react," recalls costar Judge Reinhold. "If you see the movie again, whenever I put my hands in my pockets, Eddie's said

something he's never said before and I'm squeezing my thighs hard not to laugh. [*He pauses*] I went home every day with bruises." Reinhold's most memorable moment from filming was "trying to figure out how large Eddie's entourage was. It was funny, all these people walking down the street. It was Elvis. Eddie loved Elvis. The whole entourage thing was about Elvis." (A shy, 17-year-old Chris Rock was part of the posse.) And let's not forget the street scene in which Eddie's character laughed at guys wearing leather suits like the ones Eddie himself was known for sporting onstage while doing stand-up.

"We're all part of Eddie's entourage tonight," older brother Charlie Murphy sums up with a smile. Charlie confesses to losing every insult contest he and Eddie had when they were

growing up. The most memorable centered on Charlie's large nose. An eight-year-old Eddie snapped, "Your nose looks like an upside-down Black Power symbol." Charlie says, "Does that sound like normal words that would come from a child? Eddie's first word was 'television.' That's when I noticed there was something different about him. It wasn't like our mother took him to acting school or he was funny on the schoolyard. Eddie Murphy always knew what he wanted to do."

The big question tonight? Will Eddie return to the world of stand-up? The comedic icon was the first rock star of comedy, melding sexy with funny. Sure, we now have rocker-level comics like Russell Brand—who is on hand tonight, and accompanied by only two large bodyguards—but Brand's material is nothing compared to Eddie's stand-up, which influenced generations of comedians.

Murphy filmed his first concert special, *Eddie Murphy Delirious*, in 1983, at the





Onstage in *Eddie Murphy Delirious* (1983)



As Detective Axel Foley in *Beverly Hills Cop* (1984)



Performing stand-up in *Eddie Murphy Raw* (1987)



As Prince Akeem in *Coming to America* (1988)



At *Eddie Murphy: One Night Only* (2012)

After he hooked up with one of Murphy's groupies, Rock was handed a cookie jar full of penicillin. "That's how they were rolling!"

ripe age of 22, bringing to the collective comedy lexicon such classic bits as "Aunt Bigfoot," "Goonie Goo Goo," and "Ice-Cream Man." His 1987 follow-up, *Eddie Murphy Raw*, is the highest-grossing stand-up film of all time—and a Guinness World Record holder for most uses of the word "fuck" onscreen, 223, surpassing *Scarface*.

"We were just kids, and we were friends," *Raw* producer Keenan Ivory Wayans, who cowrote the opening with Murphy, says about the filming. "It was just fun. There was no pressure. We didn't have a fear that it wasn't going to work or be funny. To be in an environment like that is a once-in-a-lifetime thing."

"For black comics, *Delirious* and *Raw* are our blueprints," says actor/comedian Brandon T. Jackson, who is slated to play Eddie's son in the upcoming *Beverly Hills Cop* TV movie. "*Raw* is one of the hottest stand-up specials ever. Without Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor, I wouldn't be the actor I am today. We study life, we break it down, and we make fun of it."

Another example of Eddie Murphy's genius: He single-handedly saved *Saturday Night Live* from going into extinction. He was the brightest light of the worst years of the long-running sketch-comedy show, bringing to life such indelible characters as Buckwheat, Gumby, and Mr. Robinson. "If it weren't for Eddie Murphy, who knows where *SNL* would be," says Questlove, who's on hand at Eddie's tribute with the Roots to act as house band. "If he weren't there for those [Dick] Ebersol years, with his presence and spirit, who knows what

would have happened?"

While *SNL* helped bring Murphy's comedy into America's living rooms, gaining exposure that was as valuable to him as it's been to scores of other comedians, there's no question that Murphy made the most of every opportunity the show offered. Right after *48 Hrs.* opened, Murphy's costar Nick Nolte canceled as host due to illness, so Eddie stepped in, opening the show with the ballsy, "Live from New York, it's the Eddie Murphy show!" (He's still the only troupe member to host the show while in the cast.)

Suddenly, a sea of flashing lights goes off as Murphy maneuvers through the red-carpet obstacle course, his beautiful blonde girlfriend, Australian model Paige Butcher, by his side. Cool, confident, and full of charisma, Murphy makes his way through the gauntlet of reporters and photographers with the swagger of a man who has spent a lifetime in front of the cameras. Velvet Jones. Gumby. Billy Ray Valentine. Axel Foley. Everyone on the red carpet is drawn to Murphy like he's a magnet. Charlie Murphy was right: We're all part of Eddie's posse tonight.

"What about making *Coming to America Part II*?" a reporter asks. Eddie smirks and says, "Who would see that?" Oh, snap.

My chance has arisen to ask him a question deeper than any other reporter's query. By no means would I ask something inane like, "Are you going to do Gumby tonight?" Instead, I step up to the bat and get very Barbara Walters with him: "What would 15-year-old Eddie Murphy say to 2012 Eddie Murphy?"

Eddie looks at me like I just asked

him to solve math problems. "That question's too difficult," he says in true Murphy fashion. "I'd be here for 20 minutes trying to answer it." Oh, snap.

Onstage is a large silhouette of Murphy from *Delirious*. There are screams and thunderous applause. The rock show begins with clips from *Trading Places*, *48 Hrs.*, *Bowfinger*, *Dreamgirls*, and early *Saturday Night Live* sketches. Buckwheat sings "Free Times a Lady." There's a 1982 appearance on *The Tonight Show* of Murphy doing a bit about being the first black president. Eddie is once again surrounded by a large entourage of comedians—just like back in the day—as he takes in the show.

"Who used to smoke weed and watch *Coming to America*?" asks Tracy Morgan after coming out wearing his version of Murphy's legendary leather suit from *Delirious*, his belly falling over the tight red pants. Though the pants don't fit, Morgan pays kudos to Murphy for inspiring him to become a cast member on *SNL*. "You were so funny, you made the prettiest girl in our family fart!"

It's obvious that all the comedians here wanted to be Eddie Murphy. Adam Sandler, arguably the worst-dressed man in show business, appears visibly nervous in the presence of his comedy idol. Sandler's hand is shaky as he reads his tribute off a piece of paper. "I want to be just like him," Sandler recalls saying to his dad when he was a sophomore in high school, after seeing Murphy on *SNL* for the first time. He says his father replied, "You can't—you're not black."



Chris Rock says, "They're always talking about who is the next Eddie Murphy. Chris Rock? Dave Chappelle? Chris Tucker? We're not!" Rock remembers that Murphy, like Elvis, always looked after his entourage. One time at a club, a girl came up to Murphy and asked if she could make out with him. Murphy turned her to a then-teenage Rock and said, "You

can't start at the top. You got to kiss one of these broke guys first!" After he hooked up with another of Murphy's groupies, Rock was handed a cookie jar full of penicillin. "That's how they were rolling!" Rock says. "A cookie jar of penicillin!"

The tribute show is solid, except for Russell Brand awkwardly telling outdated Michael Jackson jokes. *Rush*

Hour director Brett Ratner was also inspired by Murphy's sartorial style. Saying he's going to flash his Bar Mitzvah photo, he treats the crowd to a hilarious, unironic shot of himself as a 13-year-old dressed in the *Delirious* leather suit. Then Ratner leads the audience in a rendition of Murphy's hit song "Party All the Time."


Murphy comes onstage and finally sets the record straight about the *Delirious* outfit: "I got it at the mall because, on the day of filming, my other clothes got messed up. If you look closely, they don't match. It's a crimson top and fire-engine-red pants."

"People want you to do stand-up," says Arsenio Hall, priming the crowd to chant "Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!"

"That's the obvious choice," Murphy says. He does perform one of the highlights of the evening: a duet in which he impersonates Stevie Wonder alongside goddamn Stevie Wonder, sunglasses and swaying head and all. The dynamic duo croons a rendition of *Higher Ground*. When Eddie messes up, Stevie says, "Learn the words, fool." Oh, snap.

Security later blames problems on the open bar and Jamie Foxx being 45 minutes late. Too many people plus too many free cocktails. Eight people are kicked out of the theater; two are arrested. One skinny white guy grabs actor/former NFL player Terry Crews. It all adds to the night's energy. "The whole thing was like having someone sing 'Happy Birthday' to me for three hours," Eddie says afterward as cameras once again flash.

A question gets bounced across the room from one person to another: "Everyone wants you to get back onstage and do another stand-up special. Will you consider it?"

"I'm retired," Murphy says calmly. "Maybe one day I will. With everything I do, I eventually will. [Pause] But I have to write some jokes first." 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (RIGHT, FROM LEFT) BY EVERETT COLLECTION, COLUMBIA PICTURES/EVERETT, DAVID CORIO/GETTY IMAGES, EVERETT COLLECTION, MICHAEL TRANT/GETTY IMAGES

Five Things You May Not Know About Eddie Murphy

Sure, everybody's heard about the "Oops, I picked up a tranny hooker" moment. But you may not be aware of these tidbits.



1 Murphy paid for the funeral of his comedy idol, **Redd Foxx**.



2 He turned down a role in ***Ghostbusters***.



3 He was in a relationship with **Whitney Houston**.



4 His favorite TV show is ***Star Trek***.



5 He's fathered eight children with four women, most recently with ex-girlfriend **Scary Spice, aka Melanie Brown**.

you've gottahave hart



Presley Hart dove into her career in adult entertainment with passion and enthusiasm that shines through in every scene and photograph. "I love my job," she tells us. "Every day is an adventure, and I've learned so much about myself."

Photographs by VoyX







"I think the biggest risk I've ever taken was sneaking into the spa at my apartment complex to go skinny-dipping, even though there are security cameras and there was staff in the building."





"My favorite fantasy is a lover
throwing me up against a
wall and ripping off my clothes.
We can't keep our hands off
each other, and we're banging into
things, breaking stuff..."









"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was on the stairs of an apartment complex. It was a fantasy of mine, with the bonus of being in public. Delicious!"



01 PRESLEY HART
MARCH 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"My idea of a perfect date is anything that deviates from the norm. A man who can keep things exciting and surprising will also keep my attention."

011 PRESLEY HART
MARCH 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



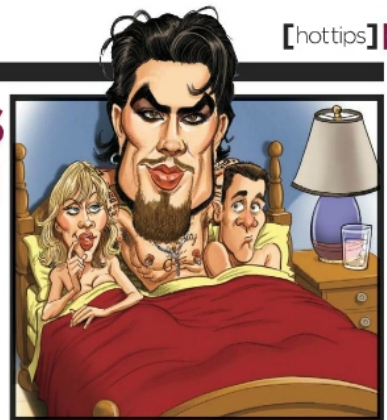
HER PRESLEY HART
MARCH 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



[hottips]

■ **My downstairs neighbor has a penchant for extremely loud and profane self-pleasuring at night. How do I broach the subject without embarrassing her? I love sex, and I think that everyone has a right to creatively explore it, but when it interrupts my beauty sleep more often than not, it's a problem. Any advice is appreciated.**

I have a couple of ideas. For fun, try recording her one night and play it back for her the next night. Maybe try the old tried-and-true banging on the floor with a broom handle. You could also use her enthusiasm to heat up your own bedroom as a soundtrack for you and your partner—like an audio three-way. No? If the goal is not to embarrass her, I would simply call her up and tell her that her TV is too loud at night and ask if she would mind lowering the volume. She'll get the picture.

■ **How do you break up with someone you've been with for ten years? Our relationship has never progressed, and when I try to break up with him he punches himself in the face or acts like he's fainting, freaking me out so I'll get back with him. I feel trapped, but I don't want him to throw himself into traffic or something. What should I do?**

What you should do is get the fuck out as soon as possible. First of all, you are unhappy, and that should be enough reason right there, regardless of how long you have been in this

thing. Second, what this guy does to himself is seriously not your problem, and you have to let go of feeling guilty. He is a grown man, and it's not your responsibility to keep him from doing something stupid. If anything, those are additional signs that point to the fact that this is an unhealthy environment for you. The fact is, you have to take care of your needs, as this relationship isn't doing that. This guy may hurt himself, and the hard, cold truth is that you just may have to learn to accept that fact. As it is, he's already emotionally taking out both of you. It's time for you to move on.

■ **I quit smoking and have gained weight. I don't feel sexy at all. I am working out and eating right, but I still don't love the person I see in the mirror. Any thoughts on how to keep things sexy in the bedroom when you don't feel 100 percent yourself?**

Well, it sounds like the one with the issue is you, if your partner is fine with you just the way you are. If that is correct, your whole issue is in your head. Sex while thinking too much is always a bad idea. It should be an escape that brings the two of you closer. Try focusing your attention on your partner and stay away from your brain. It's dangerous and scary in there! Quitting smoking, eating

right, and working out are huge life changes. Feel good about yourself for making those changes and find some self-esteem in that. Then bring that positivity into your bedroom.

■ **How come guys sometimes prefer to jerk off to porn when they're in the house with their girlfriend?**

I think this is applicable to both genders. Sometimes people want a sexual escape without any emotional entanglements or communications. Sure, there is a voyeuristic element of fantasy with watching adult films, but the real trick here is understanding that sometimes your partner just wants a moment of disconnect for himself or herself alone. It has nothing to do with whether or not they're attracted to their partner. Much like meditation or working out, masturbation can be a fulfilling personal escape. When you keep that in mind, it's easy to see why a personal escape can't include anybody else. Plus, it's not like you can pause or shut off your partner! Seriously, though, personal time is a valued asset for anyone in a relationship, regardless of how they use it. There is a freedom in just pleasing oneself without having to please someone else or emotionally interact. ☞

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

OF PRESLEY HART
MARCH 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
5'6"-5'8", 34"
24 years old
Hometown:
Chico Hills, California
Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The memories I've made with some of my best friends.
Favorite vacation spot:
Lake Havasu. It's relaxing in some spots and you can party in other spots, and I just have amazing memories of my trips there.
Desired vacation spot:
I'd like to travel the world, but if I had to pick just one place, I'd backpack through Europe.
Favorite food:
Pasta
Favorite drink:
Sweet red wine.
Favorite TV show:
Conan! Love, Sons of Anarchy.
Favorite movie:
White Christmas
Favorite kind of music:
I like all music.
What music gets you in the mood?
I don't need music to get in the mood!
Favorite season:
The ocean.
You're always up for:
A new set of lingerie.
You're never up for:
Sleeping.
What do you have that other girls don't?
Extreme sexual confidence.

SEE MORE OF PRESLEY AT PENTHOUSE.COM



THE COMEBACK KID

In 2006, Eric Church looked to be country's biggest winner turned loser. His first album, the well-crafted *Sinners Like Me*, which addressed such topics as capital punishment, sex, and pregnancy, established him as a man worth watching. It also landed him a coveted opening spot on the Rascal Flatts tour ... till his behavior bumped him into Nowheresville. He clawed his way back with 2011's Grammy-nominated *Chief*, which also brought him the most nominations—five—at 2012's Country Music Association Awards. (He won Album of the Year for *Chief*; the single "Springsteen" is up for two Grammys this year.)

The 35-year-old pride of Granite Falls, North Carolina, grew up the middle-class son of a furniture executive, and though he started writing songs at 13, he thought more about sports than music until college. When he finally put a band together, the six-foot-three-inch grandson of a police chief found he liked to bend the laws a little, if not break them. And that's part of the key to his success, even if there was some confusion at the beginning.

"My born name really is Church," he says. "So many people thought I changed it when I first got to

Nashville, since the first record was called *Sinners Like Me*. They were like, 'No fuckin' way that's his name.' I don't know that I've ever had anybody prejudge me on that. But when we were playin' bars and clubs, a lot of people thought that we were a church act. When they saw 'Eric Church,' they thought a choir was gonna show up and sing."

"That," he adds with a laugh, "was a little awkward."

Although he's said he won't be touring or recording during 2013, he has a live CD and DVD on the way, and he's still not afraid to speak his mind, no matter that he might make waves with the heavy hitters in the country-music industry.

You've had an awful lot of award nods since *Chief* came out in 2011. How does that feel?

Somewhat surreal. Our past has been a little bit different from other artists. I came out like everybody else with our first record, and with my first song, "How 'Bout You," I was the "it" guy, the hit artist. And then the next single was "Two Pink Lines," which was my choice. I thought it was a little ballsy. I'd never heard any subject matter like it on the radio, and it just didn't do well at all. At the same time,

we got fired from the [Rascal] Flatts tour, the biggest tour in country music at the time. So we got banished to the wilderness. There were a lot of places that wouldn't even book us. People thought we were troublemakers, and we just ended up in these little bars and clubs, and sometimes not even country clubs, because they wouldn't book us, either. So for us to go from there all the way back around to *Chief*, and having the No. 1 record in the world, and getting all these nominations, well, I just wasn't sure we would ever get there. And doing it the way we did it made it that much sweeter. Because I didn't compromise just to have success, and we were able to get that done without really having much of the so-called machine behind it. We really had to go out there and gut it out and do it ourselves.

I read that you got fired from the Flatts tour for playing too long. That's not all the way true. It wasn't the right kind of thing for us. The crowd was a lot younger. I joke that we came out, and the little girls and moms sat down, and the dads stood up [laughs]. It was "guy" music, and it just didn't fit. And basically, even

Over the past year and a half, Eric Church has made his way back to the top of the country-music heap, and—to paraphrase the ridiculously famous song—he did it his way.

Interview by Alanna Nash

though I was a new artist, I thought there should be some shared respect. We'd just come off the [Brad] Paisley tour, which was my first tour, and it was fantastic. We were treated good, and we actually got paid. Anybody in that setting has 20 minutes, sometimes 15. You're the first of three acts. Nobody knows who you are. I'm okay with that.

But when we got the Flatts tour, it seemed to me that the better we did, the more rules there were the following night. And I couldn't figure out how to go out there and give the show I was used to giving, and then have more blockades put up in front of us. And it kept getting worse and worse. Most artists probably would have just gone ahead and put their head down and said, "Yes, sir; no, sir." I didn't do that. Anytime I thought that we were getting screwed with, I would play longer. And then there would be more rules. And then I'd play longer. About midway through the tour, it started deteriorating pretty bad. I remember our last show, at Madison Square Garden. We went to do the show, and I just knew that day we were gonna get fired. My drummer wasn't even on-stage with us. They had put him off-stage. He still jokes that he *almost* got to play Madison Square Garden. They'd been messin' with us all day. I mean, just the overall organization. I never saw those guys, the Flatts. We never really interacted with each other. Anyway, I just told my guys that night, "This is probably it. I don't know how long we're gonna play. Y'all just follow me, and we'll be done when we're done." And I think we played 40-some minutes. They started turnin' the lights off and I just kept going. Because I thought, *Well, if you're gonna go down, you might as well go down in New York City at the Garden.*

Then what happened?

The next Monday, I read a press release that we had been replaced by Taylor Swift, who was brand-new at the time. And there were still 15 or so dates that we were supposed to do with those guys, so I said, "Screw it. Let's go play those towns." The Flatts tour was called the Me and My Gang Tour, so we did the Me and Myself Tour. We even had a laminate printed up that just had me on it [laughs]. We went around to all these little hard-rock clubs and bars, the only places that would book us in the same

town on the same night as the Flatts tour. When their show was over, we started. Some nights we had 40 people, and some nights it was packed. We had told all the fans we were coming—not that we had a lot at the time—and we came.

You're headlining arenas now, so you're competition for real.

Well, it's been a learning process for us. I've enjoyed trying to get better in that environment. Coming from the bars and clubs, my job every night is to turn that arena into a bar and a club. That's where I'm comfortable. I think a lot of it is just continuing to offer a little bit of a rowdy environment. I make no apologies that we're there to party. That's why we want our people to be there. None of you should be sitting on your asses. That's other country shows. You should go see those guys if you want to do that. This is a "whether you remember it or not, you're gonna feel this one in the mornin'" kind of show. Sometimes people fight. Sometimes people have sex. I've seen everything at these shows. The guy who does our lights is from the rock world. The first time he came to one of our shows, he was like, "I'm just blown away. I grew up with Guns N' Roses, rock 'n' roll, and I've never seen a country crowd like that. I looked to one side and they were fightin'. I looked to the other and they were screwin'. And I saw everything in between." So it's been fun to see that environment that we had in bars and clubs in arenas. I've gotten in fights with security guys because they don't understand I'm trying to get these people to go nuts. That's been my biggest thing with arenas, trying to find that balance of bedlam versus a riot.

What was it that propelled you to this level? The strength of *Chief*?

I think it was all the things along the way. I think getting fired from Flatts helped us long-term. It was hell at the time, but it gave us an identity in a sea of new artists. At the time, honestly, we were starving to death. I had everybody on payroll, and there were so many months that we lost enormous amounts of money. All the guys got paid, but we just kept going farther and farther in the hole. It got to where we had to play seven days a week just to try to break even. And you get to a point where you'll do just

Accepting for Album of the Year at the 2012 CMA Awards



Church was one of the 2012 CMT Artists of the Year





about anything. You're listening to all these people saying, "Do this, do that," and I was able to, somewhere in the middle of that, start finding my identity again. Going back to the beginning, we did a video for a song called "Lightning." It was a death-penalty song. And we did "Smoke a Little Smoke," a song blatantly about marijuana, and it was a hit on the radio. So you can back this up and find all these little things. We did 25 or 30 dates opening for Bob Seger when nobody knew who we were, and more recently, the Metallica Orion [Music] Festival, playing for that crowd. We just tried to be different, and to think more universal.

You look much hipper on the *Chief* cover photo than you did when you first came out.

Yeah. People had been fighting me for years on the hat and sunglasses being the image. But that's been my

shows in New Hampshire. Was that just trippy?

Oh, man, yeah! I didn't know what was happening. We got word earlier that day. My assistant tour manager came up and said, "Bruce's tour manager [Wayne LeBeaux] is coming to the show tonight. He wants to say hello." I said, "Absolutely." They played [Boston's] Fenway [Park] the night before. So right before the show, [Wayne] came up on the bus and was just kind of talking, and he said, "Well, I got something for you," and he took me through the whole story of how, the night before, they'd just got offstage. They were in the car on the way to the plane, and Bruce said, "Hey, Wayne, what are you doing this weekend?" And Wayne's like, "Well, actually, I'm going to see Eric Church." And Bruce said, "No kidding. Hand me my briefcase." And he took out a set list, and on the back of it, he wrote me this note about the song. And he

play well with others. I don't. I'll admit it. I don't have a lot of friends in the industry. It's just not who I hang with. I think some people find me prickly, maybe, but I'm really not. It's just that I'm not going to put up a lot of false fronts or play games. I'm gonna tell you what I think about you.

You gave an interview to *Rolling Stone* in which you talked about the TV show *The Voice*. You said, "Honestly, if Blake Shelton and Cee Lo Green f—ing turn around in a red chair, you get a deal? That's crazy. I don't know what would make an artist do that. You're not an artist." That landed you in some hot water within the industry. Any regrets there?

No. Well, maybe. I shouldn't have used names. I know some people took it personally. And it wasn't personal. I was just trying to voice my displeasure for the system, for what has become the common way

"My job is to turn that arena into a bar. Sometimes people fight. Sometimes people have sex. I've seen everything at these shows."

look onstage for four years now, and people were coming to the shows trying to duplicate it. I got all this push back from the label, like, "Well, you have hair and eyes and you should show 'em." Just all bullshit.

The biggest hit off *Chief* is "Springsteen," a coming-of-age song. And it also revolves around the evocative power of music. What's the story behind that?

That song came from a real experience, from when I was around 15 or 16. You know, your first amphitheater experience with your friends, when you're not with your parents anymore. I can remember that sense of freedom. And I remember the people around us, the guy we stole beer from, even the sky, 20 years later. And that's really where the song came from. There's a line in the song that talks about where melodies and memories connect with each other. That was really the ground floor of it. We just started painting pictures around it.

You got a note from Bruce Springsteen about it before one of your

told Wayne, "Make sure you deliver this to Eric." [Laughs with delight] It was just bizarre.

Toby Keith is somebody you admire. Is he a role model for you?

He is. I respect the hell out of him. I admire his path. He's somebody who really got pushed around. My favorite story of Toby's is when he took the *How Do You Like Me Now?* record to his label, he played 'em five songs in a row. And they said, "Just shit. Terrible. Awful." And he had the wherewithal to say, "Okay, let me buy the record from you." And, of course, they let him, and the rest is history. I respect having that belief, and just not letting people dictate your path. I think that happens too many times in Nashville. You kind of fall in line, and you're supposed to do it this way, and if you don't, the CMA is going to be pissed at you, and if you do it that way, the ACMs are gonna be mad at you, and you're never gonna win an award, like Toby would tell you [laughs]. And there are people who just don't fit in those boxes. I feel like Toby and myself are alike in that way. We don't

for young talent to get noticed. A lot of people said, "Well, you're just mad 'cause they get noticed and you had to take the long way around it." That's not really my point. My point was, I know what it was like to do it the other way, and I know what it meant to me. I was not ready when we first came out. I don't know if there ever would have been a *Chief* record if we hadn't been able to hone our craft and sharpen our knives. You've gotta find yourself a little more before the spotlight's on you. And [shows like *The Voice* and *American Idol*] do a disservice to the artist. If they win, they think, *I've got a record deal! Hey, I made it.* And it's only just begun. You're just getting started. And it aggravated me that a lot of people don't realize that this is all for TV ratings. Don't kid yourself. It's all for television.

So if, like Toby Keith, you are penalized at the big awards for your outspokenness, are you okay with that?

I am, yeah. Because I don't understand how to make music to win awards. I don't know what that gets you. I'm



going to make the record I'm going to make, and if it wins awards, fantastic. If it doesn't win awards, I'm not going to change the way I make records.

Hank Williams Jr. makes a lot of headlines with his brand of truth-telling, particularly about politics. What do you think of that approach?

[Laughs] I love it! I know Hank pretty well. He's a really great guy, just a flamboyant, bigger-than-life personality. Country music could use more characters like him. I know the eighties wasn't the best musical era, but I fucking loved the personalities of those hair-metal bands. And I loved what it looked like. Whether the music was good or not, you had all these characters bouncing around, and they all had this superhero thing going on. I think Hank kind of fits into one of those boxes, of somebody who's just so unique and such an individual that sometimes he gets penalized for how he is. He's really not like everybody else. And I personally

find it refreshing.

Hank had some awfully big shoes to fill, being the son of country's most influential legend. How has becoming a father affected you?


Well, I'm pretty reclusive. My inner circle is really, really inner. I take my family on the road with me, and that's important to me. The father thing is obviously life-changing. I'm interested to see how it affects my music. But Katherine, my wife, was with one of the main music publishers in Nashville before we met. She's been an integral part of my career along the way. And one of the great things about her is, she knew what she was getting into. For a lot of years there, we hardly saw each other. But she was able to be that rock, and I cling to those guys.

Did women use ingenious ways of getting your attention before you started taking your family on the road?

Oh, yeah. One particular time, I was

in a hotel room in the Midwest. It was one of those days where you've been on the road 14 days in a row, and you're just trying to get a nap before the show. And I guess people figured out which room I was in. I was on the first floor, and all of a sudden, there was a knock on the window, and a strip show of women paraded by. I shut the curtains and said, "That's it. Gotta take a nap."

Were women mysterious creatures to you before your marriage?

They're still mysterious creatures. I don't think marriage changes that at all. But I finally found a girl who can think like a guy. And maybe she's made me think more like a woman. Hell, I don't know. But it's been good to find somebody I can banter with. I have a sick sense of humor, and she laughs at that. And I know a lot of girls would get offended. So when you find that person who can laugh through all your really off-color remarks and jokes, she's the one. 

"I guess people figured out which room I was in. I was on the first floor, and there was a knock on the window, and a strip show of women paraded by."

KINKY GIRLS TELL ALL

Women's most sinful sexploits in their own words—
and they're anything but vanilla!

LETTERS TO PENTHOUSE®



PLEASE ME, SPANK ME

The Editors of *Penthouse* Magazine

On sale February 2013 wherever
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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE 

shorts story

Embry Prada has one simple reason why her career as an adult model/actress works for her: "I get off on what I do because I'm an exhibitionist." The 22-year-old from Riverside, California, also says, "The best thing about living in Southern California is that it's always 'Daisy Duke' weather!" She'll get no argument from us.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens






"I'm sure a lot of girls
enjoy sex as a workout
as much as I do. But, if I'm
being honest, my favorite
workout is a three-way."





"The biggest turn-on for me is a girl with nice, firm tits, plus a guy who knows how to use his dick."





"What gets me excited?
I like to watch porn to get
in the mood. As for what
gets me into trouble, that's
easy: getting drunk."





"I'm into public sex. I got laid once on a lifeguard stand. It was dark, but people could see and hear us. And the most exciting place I've made love is a quickie in a car wash."

SEE MORE OF EMBRY AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





SECRET AGENT MAN

There's a secret to succeeding at picking up hot, exotic ladies: Don't be yourself.
Be a better, more suave, more badass you.

By Ben Thompson • Illustrations by Noah Patrick Pfarr



One of the downsides to being a respectable, tax-paying, hard-working member of society is that freaky-hot exotic chicks think you're totally fucking boring, and that sleeping with you will be about a half-step more exciting than filling out a W-2 form while watching a documentary on pinball machines from the seventies. Sure, you like to have a good time, you were "totally crazy" in college, and there was that one awesome time you went skydiving. But face it. You're not exactly James Bond walking into a casino where as soon as you order a shaken Martini, half the female staff of the KGB is coming on to you.

We're here to help. With a little bit of preparation and a few ground rules, even the most innocuous IT geek can come off like Bond for at least as long as it takes to pick up a chick. Sure, your entire relationship will be based on lies and deception, but if that's important to you, you can sort out the whole annoying truth thing while sharing a post-sex cigarette.

Step 1: Look the Part

The great thing about spies is that they can and do look like anybody—even you (probably). But there are a couple of things to keep in mind. First, dress nice, but not too nice. You want to look sharp but appropriate, and if you go into a cowboy-themed bar in a full Bond-style tuxedo, people are likely to think you've flipped your shit; that unfortunate first impression can make it tricky to hook up with hot babes. You want to dress nice but subdued, and nothing with a logo or an identifying quality. Also, avoid distinguishing marks that would make you stand out to an enemy agent. If you've got tats, keep 'em covered. Piercings, take 'em out. Glasses and facial hair are cool as long as they're not too distinctive.

Step 2: Act the Part

You want to carry yourself like you belong there, no matter where "there" is. Be relaxed but alert, and, above all, be outrageously confident. Even a scrawny nerd who gives himself a hernia lifting a box of file folders can pull off this shit. This is probably the most important aspect of making this work for you, because even if you look like you're Daniel Craig's twin brother, women aren't going to buy you as a badass if you're nervous and sweaty.

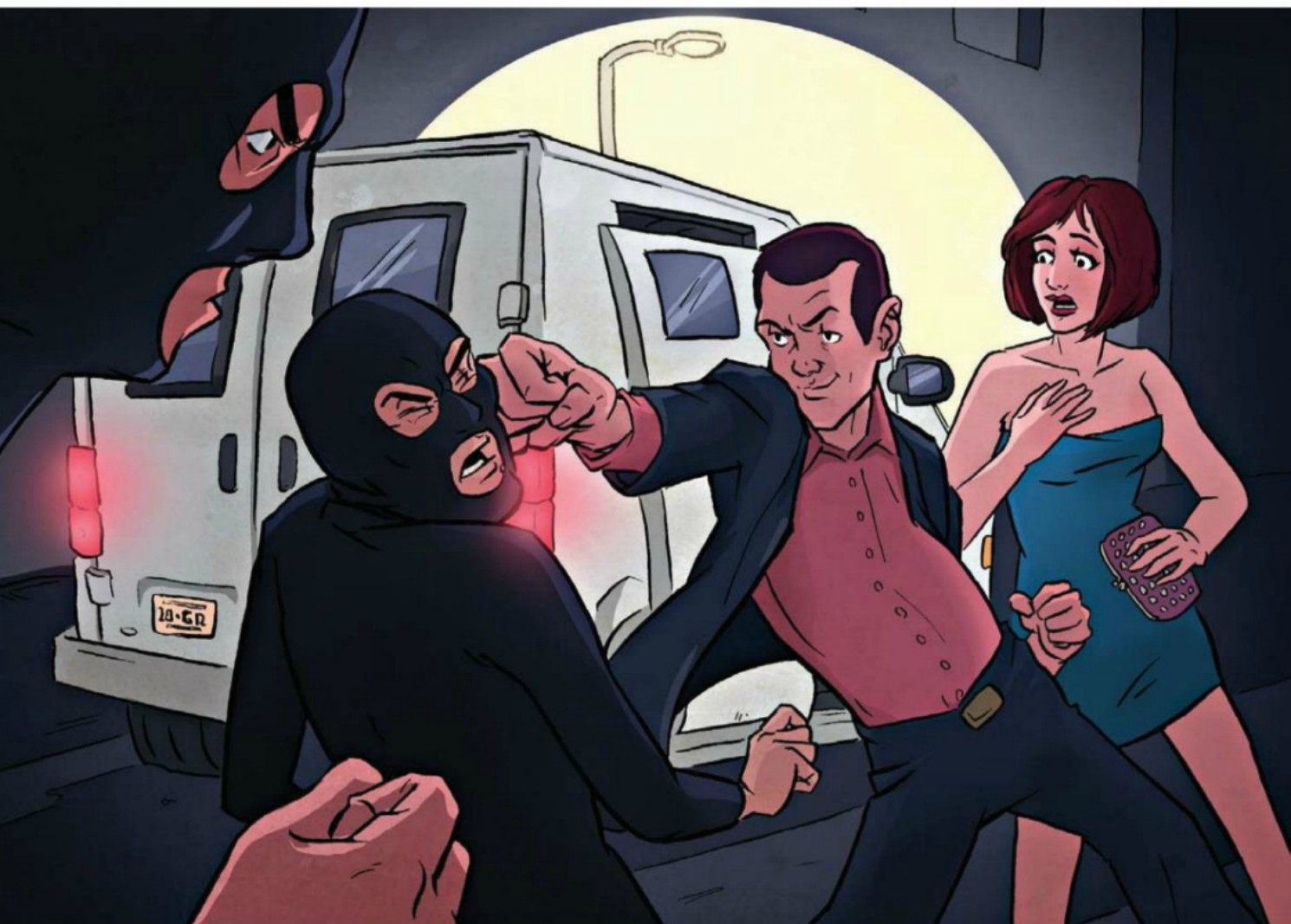
Step 3: Take Stock of the Room

You want to be constantly scanning the room for threats, both real and imaginary. Stand or sit with your back against a wall so you can see the entire room. Check out security features, what people

are drinking, and which patrons you want to avoid if the entire room erupts into a *Road House*-style free-for-all brawl. You don't need to be too obvious about this—if you're talking to a girl, she's going to notice that your eyes are scanning the room and will of course immediately be intrigued. Mention that you get jumpy when people sneak up behind you, that you like knowing what's going on around you, and that if trouble should arise, she should duck under the table and hide her head in your lap.

Step 4: Have a Shady Background

Regardless of what your future Bond girl asks you, hold back as many key details of your life as possible. You went to a good school; studied international relations, economics, or something equally boring and spy-ish. Don't make up anecdotes about your time at Langley or your two tours in military intelligence, but do mention that you lived in D.C.



Have your friends assault you so you can take them down and look like a badass. You'd be surprised how many of your buddies will take a punch for a six-pack, especially for the cause of getting you laid.

for a while and you have to go there fairly often for business. (It helps to have a working knowledge of the area.) You've never been married and haven't had a serious girlfriend since high school; it's just too tough because your job requires you to travel so much. When pressed, you work at an import/export company or a security firm, but be sure to change the subject quickly and abruptly to something totally off-topic, like whether she's ever been to Budapest. In the horrible case that someone you know in real life approaches and threatens to blow your cover, don't panic—but don't engage him in conversation in front of her. Go over, put your arm around your buddy, guide him two or three steps away from the table, and tell him to get lost. If he refuses, punch him in the stomach as hard as you can, apologize, then leave him crumpled up on the floor. Regardless of what happens, when you come back, act like you're putting something in your jacket pocket.

Step 5: Utilize Foreign Objects

Anything from another country on your person gives you bonus points. A pocket watch featuring prominent South American dictators, a decent fountain pen with Cyrillic text inscribed down the side, or a stainless-steel flask emblazoned with Soviet insignia are all easily attainable, relatively inexpensive items that can be pulled out in public without attracting too much attention, while allowing you to bring up the time you were working in Saint Petersburg on a work-related project that she "wouldn't want to hear about because it's really very boring." Be sure to mention that the city was "Fine, I guess," but that you didn't really have time to see much of it. Remember: Few things turn cute girls on more than a guy who doesn't really give a shit about anything.

Have some foreign currency in your wallet. Almost every airport has a money-exchange counter, and you don't need much—just a few funny-looking bills intermingled with your regular cash. When you're paying for her drink, shuffle through your bills, set the euros on the counter close enough that she notices how weird-looking they are, then pay with your American money and pick the euros back up. If you don't have cash, get some fake business cards printed up with fake foreign diplomats' names on them. It's pretty cheap to get gold-seal-embossed business cards with

"Pierre LaCroix, Domestic Attaché, Department of State, République Francaise" on them, then slide one into your wallet behind your credit card. When you take out your card to pay, "accidentally" pull out the business card. She'll try to see what it is; if she asks, it's just a work thing. No big deal.

A few other things to consider: Carry your passport on you. It's risky to tote that thing around, but who the fuck carries a passport with them to a bar unless they're planning on leaving the country unexpectedly at a moment's notice? Also, if you're taking her to dinner, take a look at the menu online beforehand and use an online translator to figure out what all the foreign words mean, and how to pronounce them.

It also helps to run a few Google image searches of exotic cities across the world, just so you can reference them in conversation: "Yeah, that bird-shit-covered statue of Moses Cleveland down the street is great and all, but if you ever get a chance, you really have to see the amazing Zizka statue at Vitkov Hill in Prague. It's unbelievable on a warm day in July."

Step 6: Last-Ditch Post- Closing-Time Desperation Moves

Okay, so she's not buying the whole Most Interesting Man in the World act, and the house lights have come on. You've only got time for one or two last-ditch efforts to close the deal or you're going home alone to play *Call of Duty* with your idiot friends until six in the morning. Don't lose hope: There are a few ridiculously hopeless Hail Mary bombs you can hurl out here. The first is to take a fake phone call, be on the line for less than a minute, and use at least two letters from the NATO alphabet in your conversation; I recommend Bravo, Echo, and/or Delta, because these are obviously the greatest of all the NATO alphabet codes. If that fails, walk out with her and have three of your friends jump out of a van while wearing ski masks and attempt to assault you so you can take them down and look like a badass. Set it up ahead of time that you owe them a six-pack for every punch in the face. You'd be surprised how many of your buddies will take a punch for a half-dozen beers, especially for the good cause of getting you laid. ☞

SOLE MAN

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXXV: Please Me, Spank Me, from Grand Central Publishing.



Finding a man who not only shares your interests but who is even more passionate about them than you are—that is downright priceless.

I guess you could say that my interest in shoes is compulsive; some might even call it a fetish. I've never been able to keep track of how many I own because whenever I encounter a store that sells them, I'm compelled to go in and try on a few pairs. And, more often than not, I leave with some brand-new footwear, as well as a damp spot in the crotch of my panties

from the feeling of unworn leather encasing my feet.

It never occurred to me that a man might share my proclivity until I met Kirk. I was at a club with a friend and noticed a tall, handsome man checking me out from a few yards away. My pussy tingled when his eyes lingered at my feet, which sported a pair of red patent-leather open-toed pumps. I'd bought the four-inch high-heeled shoes a day earlier, and I wondered if the dark-haired stranger thought they were as sexy as I did.

Eventually, he walked over and

introduced himself, and though we had a nice chat, his gaze kept dropping to my feet. Then a slow song came on and he invited me to dance, which was when my friend conveniently departed. As I swayed in his embrace, he pressed his lips to my ear to whisper, "You're so fucking hot, especially in those beautiful shoes."

If I hadn't already been turned-on, that would have done the trick. My cunt, which had throbbed relentlessly ever since he took me in his arms, flowed like a waterfall, and my nipples crinkled against the cups of my bra. The only response I mustered was a small moan, so my partner pressed his erection against me to convey how aroused he also was. I ground into it, and we dry-humped for a moment before I suggested going to my place.

Kirk hailed a taxi, and I stretched my legs across his lap as we sat in the backseat. The ride lasted 15 minutes, and he spent all of them lazily running his fingertips over my shiny shoes. I had to shift in my seat when he slipped into the opening at the tip of one, because the way he stroked the space between two of my toes was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen or felt. My clitoris pulsed with excitement, and I grew more excited and curious about his intense interest in women's shoes.

The door to my apartment had barely closed behind us before we were tearing off our clothes. When I stripped him of his boxers, I was pleased to see an extremely large, fully erect cock, though I was even more impatient to feel it pounding inside me! Without thinking, I kicked off my crimson pumps. Kirk had been nuzzling my heavy tits and stopped suddenly to ask me to put them back on. *Of course*, I thought to myself as he continued, "On second thought, perhaps you have another pair you'd like to model?"

Grabbing his hand, I pulled him into my bedroom and flung open the doors of my walk-in closet. First, I watched him take in all the clothes crammed into one small corner, and then he grinned widely as he scanned the rows of cardboard boxes filling the remainder of the sizable closet. "Show me your favorite," he suggested hoarsely, and I thought carefully for a moment before pulling down a plain white carton.

Kirk's stiff rod bobbed appreciatively as I pulled the unworn emerald-green high heels from a



MY FOOT SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR AS HE SUCKED AT MY SOPPING-WET SEX, AND HE BLINDLY LOCATED MY PED AND PLACED IT BACK IN HIS LAP.

nest of tissue. I'd been saving them for a special occasion, and if this wasn't it, I didn't know what was. I placed them on the carpet and slid into them, noticing that I once again saw eye-to-eye with my admirer, because they added four inches to my height. "Walk for me," he murmured, and I felt a surge of emotion as I took a few tentative steps forward. "Beautiful," I heard from behind me when I grew bolder and began strutting across the room in my stilettos. I felt his gaze burning into me as I reached the wall, spun around, and returned to him, one superpointy toe in front of the other.

I stopped in front of him and struck a sexy pose: hands on my hips, which jutted forward, and my left foot pointed out. My thighs were splayed to relieve some of the pressure on my incessantly pulsating cunt, which was dripping with juices that streaked my long, slender legs. I was also panting slightly, from arousal more than my stroll, and my breasts heaved with each labored breath. Finally, Kirk, who'd been idly stroking his prick as he watched me, gave each of my hardened nipples a little kiss, and then dropped to his knees.

He bent forward as though kow-towing to me, and placed small kisses on the tops of both feet before moving his mouth to my shoes. I heard him draw a deep breath through his nostrils, capturing the heady scent of the barely worn leather, and then he ran his lips lightly over the sleek green hide. Finally, he sat back on his haunches, and I began to tremble as he picked up my right foot and cradled it reverently. I had to grab the closet door for support when he placed my toes at the seam where his thighs met, the sharp tip of my shoe just barely grazing his scrotum.

I sucked in my lower lip as he closed his eyes while letting his dick come to rest on my shod foot. A vein ran along

one side of his shaft, and I'm certain that I saw it throbbing as he delighted in the feeling of having my high heel in his lap. Slowly, a droplet of pre-come oozed from the tiny slit in his crown, and I watched it drip onto the cleavage between my toes and glisten on my bare flesh. The profluence of fluids that followed formed a sticky connection between us for another minute or so.

My breasts, clitoris, and labia swelled with lust as I held still while Kirk worshiped my foot and shoe. His erection never flagged as he stroked me with awe, and I won the struggle to remain patient even though my cunt begged to be penetrated. I was finally rewarded when Kirk rose to his knees and pressed his face to my steaming center. My foot slipped to the floor as he sucked at my sopping-wet sex, and he blindly located my ped and placed it back in his lap. This time, he was careful not to let go, running one unsoiled sole over the sensitive flesh of his trunklike shaft as he expertly wrapped his lips around my throbbing clit.

My mouth watered as I looked at his turgid cock, which gave me a dirty idea. Although Kirk looked disappointed when I wrenched myself from his viselike grip, his eyes brightened considerably when I joined him on the floor. Pushing him back, I turned to face his feet and swung one leg across his midsection. I lowered my sex to his mouth while sliding my lips over his prick. As his tongue resumed furrowing into my innermost folds, I felt him grab my ankles before walking his fingers upward to grasp my feet.

I sucked him hungrily while his hands ranged over my shoes, getting the most of the sleek leather. When he reached the spiked heels, I felt a tug on each, as if he were stroking them, and I let out a moan that vibrated

around the shaft buried deep in my throat. Pulling back my head, I suckled his knob, and then swooped back down on his length as I swallowed the salty liquids that still flowed freely. He gulped down my tangy juices as my thighs tightened around him, and then he stiffened his tongue to thrust it as hard as he could into my small opening. Immediately, my body began jerking wildly, and I almost slipped off his face.

To keep my hold, I clutched the carpet and slapped my thighs against Kirk's ears. My moans were coming nonstop, and they probably would have turned into wails if not for the hard cock muffling my passionate cries. This added stimulation proved too much for Kirk. I could tell he was close to the edge.

I was ready, and I breathed through my nose as a few volleys of semen spilled over my tongue and ran down my throat. He managed to keep eating my pussy as I gulped down the entire expulsion, and I remained poised above him, albeit quivering, until he jerked his rapidly depleting cock from my parted lips. As the last few drops of his hot load spattered onto my sweat-streaked tits, he moved his head from my pussy. Then he carefully placed both of my feet on the floor so that I could slide off him.

We lay on the carpet together a while longer, remaining head-to-foot. I watched his eyes once again rove over the rows and rows of boxes, and I smiled when I realized why his lips were moving: He was counting them one by one.

"You may never get rid of me," he said when he reached 100. Like me, he was thinking about how much fun we'd have getting to know each other, as well as all of my various shoes. In fact, I was pretty certain that we were going to be a perfect pair.

—R.L., California

HOT-BLOODED

This horny fireman's pole sees plenty of action. • As told to Ronnie Koenig



The three girls stripped down to their underwear and tried on the gear. Then they took turns pleasuring me—and one another.

I've been a firefighter for ten years, and even though I'm in my late thirties, I mostly date girls in their twenties. Out of all my friends, I'm the only one who's still single. I figure, why settle down when so many women want to date a firefighter?

My buddies from high school with boring desk jobs sometimes ask me for my best stories of meeting girls on the job. I always tell them about the time we got called to an apartment building because of a kitchen fire. When we walked into this girl's apartment, it was filled with smoke, but the fire was already out. I noticed right away that "Elizabeth" was an attractive girl. She was tall and big-boned, with long red hair, and she looked kind of like Christina Hendricks from *Mad Men*. She was wearing a thin robe and it looked like she had nothing on underneath it, and as she spoke she kept pulling it around her, trying to keep it closed.

"I don't know what happened," she said, gesturing to a busted-up old oven.

I opened the oven door and saw three burned pairs of shoes. "I guess

you don't cook very often," I said.

We had a little flirty banter going on, so when the other guys left, I offered to come back with dinner for her, saying that my dad is an amazing cook who taught me everything I know. It's a skill that tends to impress the ladies. No surprise, she said that sounded fantastic.

A couple of hours later, I returned with something I made in the station's kitchen. "I was kind of bummed that you didn't carry me out of the building," Elizabeth said, batting her eyes at me. She had changed into a slip dress, or a dress that looked more like a slip. I could see her big, hard nipples through the fabric.

Without waiting for her to say another word, I swooped her up in my arms and she squealed in delight. After kicking open the door to her bedroom, I threw her on the bed. Elizabeth crawled toward me and reached for the crotch of my jeans. "I've been working all day, maybe I should take a shower," I suggested.

"I like that you're dirty," she said, unleashing my cock and pursing her perfect pink lips around it.

She sucked and stroked me until I knew I was getting close. I didn't want things to end just yet, so I picked her up and wrapped her legs around my waist. She seemed hesitant at first, as she was sexy but not a small woman. When she realized that I could easily hold her up, she got really into it, bouncing on my cock and just going crazy. I came inside her, and then we lay down on her bed so I could finish the job by licking her beautiful pussy. When I finally left, she thanked me for "saving her life."

Another time I was on a 24-hour shift, busy doing my prep for the dinner I was cooking for everyone, when this tall brunette barged into the kitchen. She was great-looking, with tight jeans that showed the outline of her curvy body and a tank top that showed off her really big tits. She was yelling out for Peter, one of the guys I work with. "Where is that asshole? You tell me right now!" she demanded.

I told her that I didn't know where he was and that she couldn't be in the firehouse.

"Fuckin' cheater. I'm going to kick

his ass!" She was really worked up. I told her to calm down and take a seat. She explained the situation to me and I told her it sounded ridiculous. Why would a guy cheat on a hot babe like her? When I said that, she got a twinkle in her eye.

"Do you ever let people slide down the pole?" she asked suggestively.


"That's just for firefighters," I said.

"Do you think you can make an exception?" she asked, taking off her top. Underneath it was a sheer black bra. In my mind, I knew what I was doing was wrong—after all, Peter was my friend, well, work acquaintance—but I showed her the pole and she took off her bra, releasing a perfect pair of D-cups and pushing them around it.

I nearly exploded right there, but instead I led her into the hose tower, taking a big chance that we wouldn't get a call. I took out my aching cock, now at its full length, and held it out to her. Underneath the dripping hoses, she squeezed her breasts around my shaft and worked me up and down until I let go. The image of her tits coated in my come is one I think about a lot.

Another night a group of guys on the crew was at a bar to do a fundraiser. We had posed with our shirts off for a calendar. Cheesy, I know, but every copy sold out and a few women even asked me to autograph theirs. A group of young women came up to me and asked if they could try on my uniform. I told them that I was off duty and that it was back at the station. They asked if they could come and see it. It was late, so three of the girls and I went back to the station and I showed them the apparatus bays and the equipment. They stripped down to their underwear and started trying on the gear. One of them had on little leopard-print panties with no bra, another a white lace thong and matching bra, and the third one wore nothing but a tiny G-string.

They started making out with one another, and I was enjoying myself just watching them. Then my chief came in and I jumped up, thinking I was busted. He was an old-timer, a married guy with three kids. "Good for you," he muttered and walked away. That night the girls took turns pleasuring me—and one another—and somehow we ended up back at my apartment, all four of us having a sleepover in my bed.

Bottom line: There are some great perks to being a firefighter! 





all that glitters

Melody and Hannah have only one afternoon to spend together at this secluded pool, so they don't waste any time. They quickly shed their matching bikinis and dive into each other, using probing fingers and tongues to bring each other to climax time and again.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



















SEE MORE OF MELODY AND HANNAH AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



I HAD IT COMING

For this sub and her dom, discipline and punishment are all part of the game. But when she's caught willfully engaging in some self-gratification, she's given an extended lesson in obedience.

Illustrations by Ronnie Werner

When I was in high school, I discovered my dad's secret stash of old *Penthouse* magazines. I loved the pictures of the nude women, but what really got me wet were the letters about domination and discipline. Long before I lost my virginity, I experienced intense orgasms by fingering myself as I read them. In my fantasies, I dreamed that my mild-mannered father would discover me, take his belt off, and leather my pert butt good and hard.

In college I finally lost my cherry, and a year later found the first boyfriend who agreed to roleplay and spank me. I think of myself as a serial monogamist, but no matter how handsome, how well-hung, how intelligent, a guy is, those things are secondary to how well he can whip my J. Lo-like bubble butt.

I'm now in my thirties and a teacher, deeply in love with a successful businessman 12 years my senior. When I moved into his apartment about two months ago, I was pleased to find out that Karl has a well-equipped playroom. I'd spent nights at his place, and over drinks the night we met we discussed the fact that I was submissive and he was dominant. But he'd kept the playroom a secret, just hand-spanking my tush in his bedroom before sex. Karl confided that he kept the room exclusive for serious play with those he knew would appreciate it. He said I'd passed the test, taking his many and thorough hand-spankings, and that he was falling in love with me. I rewarded him by changing into my naughty schoolgirl outfit, complete with a short, pleated, plaid skirt and knee socks. I voluntarily knelt over the old-fashioned school desk. (The playroom also has a spanking stool, a wooden horse, a cross for whipping, and rings on the wall, but this piece of furnishing is my absolute favorite!) He rewarded me by lifting my skirt, lowering my white cotton knickers, and administering

15 moderate stripes with an old-fashioned British school cane. It hurt like the dickens, but turned me on even more. I rewarded him by sucking his already-hard erection, and asking him to fuck me up the ass. (Discipline always puts me in a special subspace mentally, and anal sex is the perfect expression of my submissive tendencies.) He parted my smarting buttocks, lubed my tight rectum thoroughly, and did a very good job of it; I came three times before he coated my bowels with his hot spunk.

As a teacher, I get a two-month summer break. During that time, the second thing that I discovered in Karl's luxuriously appointed apartment, in the back of a closet, was a stack of old *Penthouse* magazines. Every day, after Karl goes off to the office, I take an old issue or two into the playroom. As I reread favorites from the domination and discipline columns, I'll try out a new implement. I've paddled myself with a variety of wooden hair-brushes and leather paddles. I've used thick suede floggers and thin riding crops on my upturned ass, all while I read and diddle and come like a banshee. Early in the summer, Karl noticed a little faint bruising on my bottom that he didn't put there.

"What's this?" I remember him questioning me sternly.

"I don't know," I lied. "It must be from one of our sessions."

"I haven't used a riding crop on you recently," he said, and I immediately found myself over his knee, my legs secured between his, and my lower back pinned down with his left hand. "Have you been playing with anyone else?" His tone told me that he wasn't fooling around.

"No, honey! I wouldn't. I love you with all my heart!"

"Have you been playing by yourself in the playroom?" I didn't say anything, I couldn't. "And masturbating, little girl?" He con-

tinued with his interrogation as his big right hand started swatting my squirming cheeks. "Let me tell you right now, young lady, I consider any masturbating to be an act of disloyalty, one you'll be severely punished for. Is that clear?" Ten more sound spanks made it very clear. But an honest-to-God real spanking turned me on like never before, and we followed the chastisement with passionate sex, first vaginally in doggie-style, so Karl could knead the flesh of my glowing glutes, and then up my righteously tight rosebud of a rectum.

Now, another girl would have taken this strict warning to heart. Another bottom would've honored the wishes of her top. But I'm not one of those girls, and I've been jilling off every weekday all summer, being careful not to get carried away while whacking my ass, and using arnica cream right afterward to ensure that I won't bruise.

So last Friday afternoon, I was down in the playroom, naked as the day I was born, frigging my clit, my well-upholstered bottom burnished from the stinging wallops I'd just given it with a large, unforgiving hairbrush, when I heard something: was someone breaking in? I'd gone into the playroom naked, so I couldn't get dressed. Instead I tried to quietly close the door, my heart hammering so hard that my freshly spanked bottom throbbed along with my freshly fingered sex. Suddenly, someone caught the door on the other side and reversed its direction. I screamed!

"Shhh, Michelle, it's just me!" Karl admonished.

"Oh, you scared the shit out of me!" I panted, never so glad to see my lover. With one quick look, however, Karl knew what I'd been up to, and suddenly I was never so sorry to have him come home from the office early. I was covered in goose bumps, my nipples fiercely erect, all from fright. But my fingers and pubic patch were smeared with my arousal, and my butt still glowed from my self-spanking. Unbeknownst to me, it was our two-month anniversary of living together, and Karl had a bouquet of roses and plans to take me out. In an instant, our plans for the evening changed.

My top put me over the horse, which is a round-topped apparatus designed specifically for spanking. He picked up the hairbrush and began punishing my wrongs. Under the circumstances, it would've done no good to say I was sorry. I'd willfully disobeyed him, and it was his job to make me sorry by thoroughly thrashing my proffered posterior. I just nestled into the contours of the horse and took my medicine. Before the third wallop had landed, I was crying profusely, and the tears seemed to help wash the sin away. I had a good, cleansing cry as my lover paddled every square inch of my very round rump. Much to my surprise, Karl put the weapon of ass destruction down. I looked up at him expectantly, hoping he'd fuck my pussy, fuck my ass, or fuck my mouth, to show me that he was starting to forgive me.

"Oh, no, I'm not finished with you yet, little lady," he admonished, taking me by the hand and leading me out of the playroom and into our bedroom. "You're going to get dressed in your schoolgirl outfit, naughty girl. I'm taking you out."

I buttoned up the butterfly-collar blouse, zipped myself into that plaid skirt, and put on knee-high socks and saddle shoes—everything except undergarments. Even though my buttocks stung unbelievably, I was turned on to an equally unbelievable



degree; cream oozed from my swollen sex across my thighs, my hard nipples protruded through my white blouse, proclaiming my heightened state of excitement. "Where are you taking me?" I dared to inquire. We had almost every implement of correction known to man in the playroom.

"I'm going to take you to the park. You know that huge hickory tree in the middle of it?" I nodded through my sniffles. "You're going to cut a switch from it, and I'm going to lift your skirt and switch your nude bottom for all the world to see."

"Honey, wait!" I pleaded. "It's not even 7 P.M., it's still light outside. Somebody will call the cops. You'll get arrested for domestic abuse and I'll get arrested for indecent exposure. We both know I've got it coming, but wait until it's dark."

Even though Karl was still mad, he saw the wisdom of my words. He led me to the kitchen, and while leftovers reheated in the microwave, Karl turned me over the countertop and reheated my bottom. He sat on the living room couch eating his dinner while I stood at the fireplace and ate mine from the mantel. Whenever he deemed that my displayed derriere had lost its radiant glow, he turned me over his knee and gave me a vigorous tune-up. I was led back to the playroom and a medium-size butt plug was inserted where the sun doesn't shine. Then he sat on top of the school desk and put me back over his lap. The hairbrush revisited my butt briskly and for long duration, sending the stinging reverberations into both clenched orifices and all the way up my spine. As the brush bit into my backside, I prayed for sundown.

After an eternity of this, I was made to sit on the school chair, with my skirt flipped out of the way. A journal was produced, and I was instructed to compose a diary entry about my afternoon's

experiences. When I was done, I was repositioned over Karl's knee and he read my writings aloud. My composition was critiqued with the hairbrush until I was unceremoniously placed back in the chair and made to write, "I will not disobey my loving Dom." Poor penmanship, tear-stained pages, and slow work were all punished with still more hairbrush wallops. The butt plug was extracted and a larger one took its place, and I was made to adjust to its intrusion with the steady beat of the wooden brush. Finally, my man deemed it late enough to continue my lesson in the park.

A cool summer breeze caressed my tear-streaked face, jism-besmeared thighs, and radiant rump. It was a moonless night, but all too soon we reached our destination. I was instructed to lean against the mighty hickory tree, my skirt was raised, and my once-pale, now-harvest moon was revealed.

"Hey, I thought you said that I'd get to cut my own switch?" I moaned, as Karl selected a suitably pliant one, cut it off, and began whittling it smooth.

"After the paddling you've taken, I don't trust you not to try to stab me with my pocketknife," he chortled. "Besides, I know what I'm doing. You'd pick thin ones that'd break across your backside."

"You yourself acknowledge that I've already taken a wicked punishment. Are you going to whip me hard?"

"Do you deserve it?" he countered.

"We both know that's beside the point! I'm mischievous at heart, so I deserve a whipping 24/7. That's one of the things you love about me," I cajoled. It didn't work.

I was getting pissed off at his silence. "Ten strokes, I guess, seeing that my butt is already exhausted. Please, get it over with."

I felt Karl take aim and lay the switch against my sore and trembling tush, right at its summit where my rosebud winked down in the valley below. "You're always harder on yourself than I could ever be," he pronounced, then raised his arm and brought it back down smartly. *Swish! Thwack!*

I tried to keep from crying out. It hurt much worse than the cane. My eyes flooded with tears as I felt a white-hot line of heat bisect my twin orbs. I was powerless to keep from reaching back to caress my buttocks, then stuck my rump back out. As ever, my erect clit throbbed and my pussy creamed with perverse delight.

"Now that you know how terrible a hickory switching is, show me that you're a good submissive," my lover enunciated as he took aim once more.

"One, thank you, sir. May I have another?" I whimpered.

I felt the rod disappear from the surface of my skin, heard the dreadful swishing sound, felt the explosive impact, stood bolt upright, and clenched my punished posterior as a second line of heat appeared, parallel to the first, an inch lower, right where my plump protrusion is fleshiest.

My lover encircled me in his arms, kissed my tears away, shushed my incoherent mewls, petted my hair, and told me that he loved me.

"Two, sir, thank you very much. May I have another?" I begged.

"No, that'll be enough. I think you've learned your lesson."

I heard the dreadful swishing sound, felt the explosive impact, stood bolt upright, and clenched my punished posterior as a second line of heat appeared, parallel to the first.

"Stick your butt out," Karl directed, taking up a position behind my behind and raising the stick high.

I've been well-trained. As soon as I'd dipped my lower back and pushed my ass out contritely, I was answered not with the fearsome whistle of the rod slicing through the air toward my awaiting ass, but my lover's warm, infectious laugh.

"What now?" I demanded.

"Can you look?" he answered, pointing at the bulls-eye of his intended target.

I took my hands from the tree trunk so as to bend over as far as I could. I could see that the butt plug was fluorescent. It had absorbed the light in our apartment, and now glowed a garish lime green in the dark. It was a beacon for any passerby to see. I envisioned my buttocks flinching as Karl switched them, making the flesh clench around the glowing flange, and then he revealed once more as I relaxed, sending out a bizarre Morse code announcing, "Girl getting her bared butt whipped right over here! Come have a look!" Apparently, Karl thought the same thing.

"Can't have that," he said, and pulled the wretched thing from out of my tooter with an audible *pop!* "Now, how many strokes do you think you deserve?"

I answered first with sincerity: "Thanks for taking that fucking thing out of my ass, darling!" I continued with exasperation: "Oh, I don't know! You know I hate that question! I was bad. I deserve punishment. I've already endured a thorough paddling. You think I need to feel the switch. I have to confess that I'm a little curious if it'll be as bad as anticipated. Is it as painful as a caning? Here's my exposed ass"—and I pushed it out provocatively—"whip your naughty lover and then take her to bed and make it all better."

It was enough—enough to prove that he's in charge, enough to mark me as his, enough to show me how severe being "taught to the tune of a hickory switch" really is, enough to cap a truly memorable chastisement. He took me home, took my clothes off, and put me to bed. He lovingly anointed my backside with balm, then applied an ice pack. For the first time in who knows how long, a man lay facing me, slipping his erection into my eager pussy in the missionary position, and fucking me slowly and tenderly, while kissing my moist eyelashes and hungry mouth. In the morning, he brought me breakfast in bed, and we coupled once more in this novel position, so that he could suck my nipples and tell me how beautiful he found each part of me, particularly my ass.

The next day, I was good for little else besides looking in the full-length mirror at my gloriously marked glutes. Around dusk, my lover had a different idea. "I was cleaning up after you in the playroom and found two old *Penthouse* magazines. When I put them back in their proper place, I noticed many had been read."

I hastily and abjectly confessed all: my history with your publication, my summer's avocation. "But I'm not being unfaithful when I masturbate, Karl. I always dream about you when I climax."

He brought me his laptop. "As penance, write it all down in a letter to them."

So I have. I've never read a letter quite like this in *Penthouse*. I know it's long, but it's from my heart (and my heart-shaped rear end).—M.J., Kentucky

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

■ Love Nut, Busted

I heard that pistachios are a natural cure for erectile dysfunction. Is there anything to this, or is it just another myth?

Let me first say that I'd love, for once, to tell everyone that eating this food or that herb will give you irresistible and unstoppable boners. It's no fun to be a professional spoilsport. But it is what it is.

Eating pistachios may be good for you, in general. And there is evidence to suggest that eating pistachios could improve erectile function. Unfortunately, it isn't enough to hang your hat on (the evidence, I mean, not the erection).

Recently some researchers in Turkey conducted an experiment to determine if pistachios might

improve erectile function in men with ED. It is a reasonable idea, because scads of other studies indicate that eating nuts may lower heart-disease risk, and pistachios are packed with heart-healthy nutrients. ED, without a doubt, is linked to disease of the heart and blood vessels. It is often the first sign that your blood vessels are clogging up.

These Turkish researchers asked 17 guys with ED to eat a handful of pistachios every day at lunch for a period of three weeks. Overall, the men's erectile function improved after three weeks of daily snacking on pistachios.



Forgetting for a moment that this was a small study (although that in itself is a problem), what's wrong with it? It's something so obvious that I actually didn't notice it right away. What do you think, class? No, really, take a minute to think about it—you can flip back to the girl-on-girl action on the preceding pages later.

That's right: There wasn't a control group! If you want to do an experiment to see if eating pistachios makes a difference, you have to have some guys eating pistachios, and other guys not eating pistachios. Duh.

Since they didn't control the experiment, we can't tell if eating pistachios made the difference. It could be that merely taking part in a study may have helped these guys' erection problems.

After reading the study, I did a "study" of my own. I bought a package of shelled pistachio nuts and ate them in the car on my way home from the grocery store. The result: I wasn't hungry after eating three-quarters of the package. Conclusion: I wish I'd noticed they weren't salted pistachios, because they were kind of bland. Also, I think it's more satisfying to crack open the shells than to toss the nuts back by the handful.



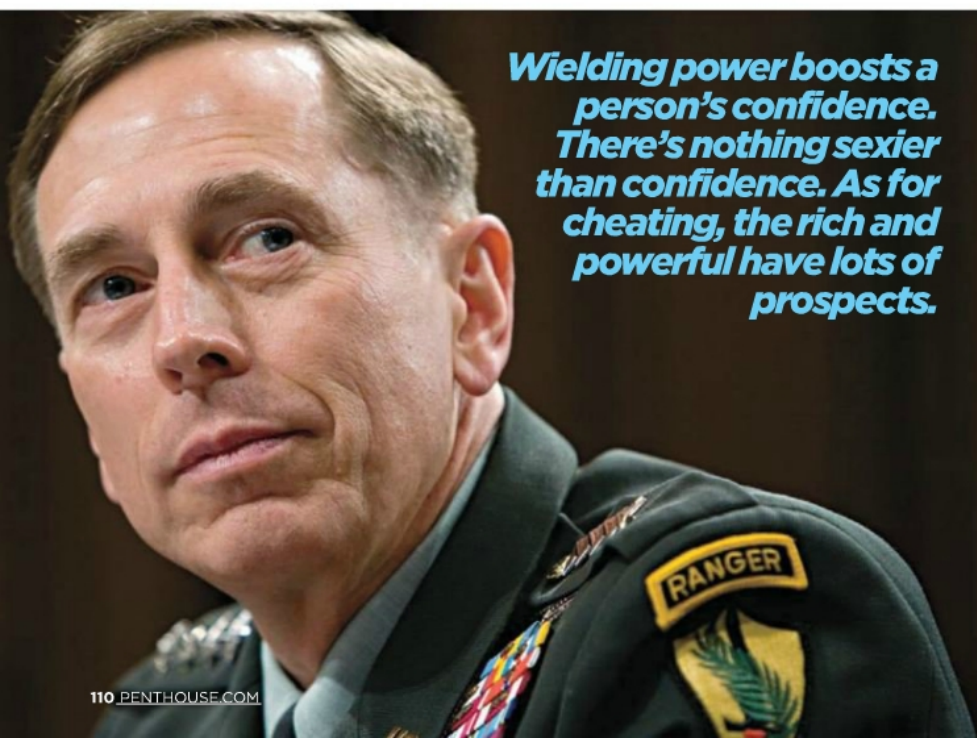
Wielding power boosts a person's confidence. There's nothing sexier than confidence. As for cheating, the rich and powerful have lots of prospects.

■ Sour Grapes

Why do all these rich and powerful men cheat on their wives? They've got to know it will be an embarrassing scandal if and when they're caught, right?

The question that drives me mad every time an affair makes headlines isn't why they did it, but why everyone goes along with the scandal story. To have a scandal, enough people have to agree to be scandalized—or else it would be just gossip. Case in point: the "love pentagon" scandal that lately made General David Petraeus (left) step down as director of the Central Intelligence Agency. It all sounds like a silly soap-opera plot—except that the head of national intelligence *actually* resigned over it.

Before this, whenever a sex scandal brought down a politician—and



Squeeze, Release, Repeat

I've heard women talk about doing Kegel exercises for better sex. How do Kegels help women sexually, and what's the best way to do them?

Kegel exercises are supposed to strengthen the pelvic-floor muscles. These muscles form a sling holding the vagina, bladder, and rectum in place, literally keeping them from falling out. Pelvic-floor muscles also control the openings of those organs. You have your pelvic-floor muscles to thank for being able to hold in pee and poop.

What's more, the epicenter of orgasm is in the pelvic floor. In one sense, an orgasm is just a pelvic-floor muscle spasm. When orgasm happens, a set of pelvic muscles contracts at

0.8-second intervals, lasting between 2 and 12 seconds.

Of course, an orgasm involves a surge of brain and nerve activity as well. Muscle spasms alone don't account for how an orgasm feels, but they are important.

It's well known that Kegel exercises can help with loss of bladder or bowel control. Pelvic-floor-muscle weakness from stress or injury is a common cause of incontinence, especially for women after pushing out babies.

Many experts also believe that doing Kegel exercises to tone the pelvic-floor muscles can enhance sexual pleasure. Kegel exercises are named after one Dr. Arnold Kegel, who came up with the idea more than 60 years ago.

Orgasms are sort of like earthquakes, where tension builds up be-

tween plates of the Earth's crust, then is let go in a violent jolt. During sexual excitement, tension in the pelvic muscles builds to a tipping point, then gets released in spastic contractions. If stronger muscles store more erotic tension, the release is more powerful, too.

A slinglike muscle that wraps around the vagina, the pubococcygeus (PC), is the main muscle related to vaginal tightness. Better PC muscle tone makes for a snuggler fit, which can help a penis or sex toy make better contact with a woman's internal pleasure zones. Exercising the pelvic floor may also improve sensation by increasing blood flow to the area.

The basic way to do Kegels is to clench and release the pelvic-floor muscles, over and over. Finding the right

muscles to exercise is easy. Start peeing, and stop midstream. The muscles you use to do that are the ones to exercise. (Don't make a habit of halting your urine flow, though. It's bad for your bladder.) Another way a woman can find the right muscles is to put a finger in her vagina and try to squeeze it.

The key is to exercise only the pelvic muscles, without getting the abs, butt, or thighs involved. Keep those muscles relaxed.

The Kegel routine goes like this: Start with an empty bladder. Clench, hold, and count to ten. Relax, and count to ten. Do this ten times, three to five times a day. It shouldn't be hard to find time. No one will be able to see that you're doing Kegels, so you can do them anywhere, anytime.



more than a few instances come to mind, from President Clinton to, more recently, one-time presidential hopeful John Edwards, former governors Arnold Schwarzenegger and Eliot Spitzer, New York congressman Anthony Weiner, and 2012's momentary favorite for the Republican presidential nomination, Herman Cain—I wondered if all the moral outrage was, at least partly, about holding officials to a high standard of honesty. They hold the public trust, but their hanky-panky shows them to be capable of deceit.

If that's the case, I don't know what made the Petraeus caper a national scandal. Was it because such a sneaky guy had no business running the CIA? I mean, my goodness, if he lied to his wife, what other secrets might he have been keeping?

I doubt the fuss is really about ethics in American government. Yet there may be something particularly American about these sex scandals.


Lots of regular guys cheat, and, if caught, they often pay a heavy price—wrecked families, alimony, etc. Many other regular guys want to cheat but don't, because they feel they have too much to lose. Americans, on principle, don't like it when the rich and powerful seem to play by different rules. So our public shaming of high-profile philanderers is really to make sure they pay, like any other guy. You could call it democratic—or sour grapes.

That's my answer to the question you didn't ask. What you did ask is why these men would risk it, knowing what's at stake.

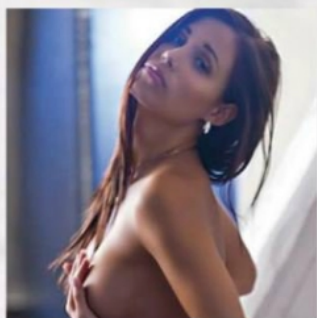
That answer is simple. The powerful see risk differently. You might think

they'd act more cautiously because they have more to lose, but they tend to be overly optimistic that things will always go their way.

Wielding power makes a person feel extra lucky. That boosts their confidence, and it shows on them. There's nothing sexier than confidence, so when it comes to cheating, the powerful have lots of prospects. Because they're so sure of themselves, they think, *What's the worst that could happen? Let's do it!*

And it's not just men. Women in power may be just as likely to stray, but we seldom hear tales of matriarchs brought down by their sexual indiscretions. That's either because men's butts still fill seats of power in the greatest numbers, or because women are more clever and don't get caught. 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LARGE PISTACHIO) BURAZIN/GETTY IMAGES, (PISTACHIOS) TONY ROBINS/GETTY IMAGES, (PETRAEUS) KRISTOFFER TRIPPLAAR/ALAMY





czech mate

Twenty-nine-year-old Satin has been working as a nude model for ten years, but the 34-24-36 brunette from the Czech Republic planned for her future at the same time. "I have my own agency," she says. "I organize production for companies that are coming to Prague to shoot, and I work as a makeup artist. I love doing something that's artistic and creative."

Photographs by Davide Esposito

"If I could have any job, I would like to be a singer. But it's not happening, as you have to have a great voice—and I don't."





"Prague is a great place to live.
It's got a lot of history, and I love
being close to my friends in a
place where we've had so much fun."

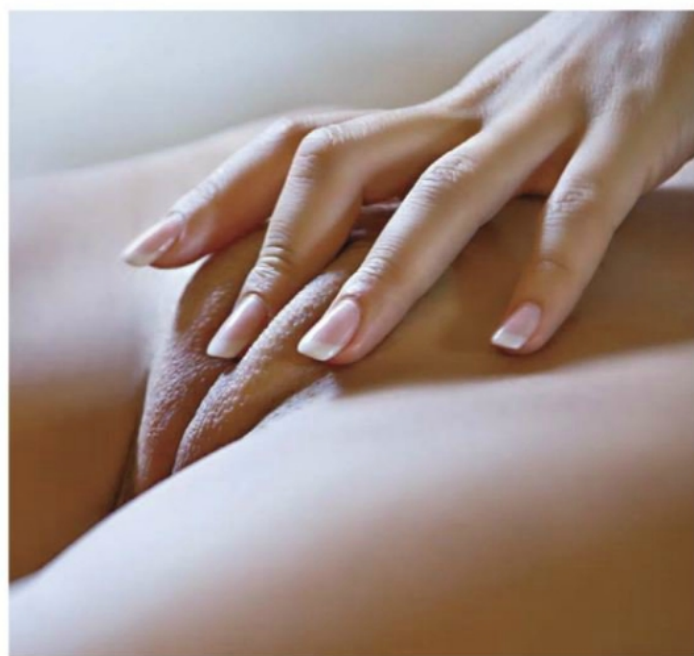








"I'm not the type to have sex with a total stranger. Maybe if he was the last good-looking man on the planet and we had to save the human race...."





"But it's easy for a man to get to know me enough that he's not a stranger. Just chat for a while over food and a nice wine, then go with me when I take out my dogs."

SEE MORE OF SATIN AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



■ Hitting Her Sweet Spot

My wife and I are in the middle of a nasty divorce. I've been feeling a little sorry for myself, so last Sunday afternoon a close friend of mine, Steve, asked me to join him and his girlfriend for a drive and dinner at a beautiful state park in a neighboring state. Eager to get out of the house, I quickly agreed.

During the course of the afternoon, Steve and Charlene made several jokes about both my lack of a sex life and the frequency of their own couplings. Despite that, I enjoyed dinner with them, and on the way home we stopped for dessert at a country bakery. After I dropped them off at Charlene's house, I headed home, but I was cut off by some moron. As I braked, a bag of pastries from the bakery came sliding out from under the passenger seat. I looked down at what was a hand-written note on the bag: "The gentleman who returns this package to me will receive a reward much sweeter than its contents." I got off the freeway at the next exit and was on my way back to Charlene's house with a rock-hard cock.

Charlene seemed pleased when she opened the door. "I was hoping you'd get my message," she said, "but I didn't think it would be this soon. Your timing is great. Steve just left, since he's teaching an early class tomorrow. He knows I invited you, by the way, so you don't need to feel guilty." She grabbed my hand and led me to her bedroom. Without another word, our bodies and lips were tightly locked. My cock pressed against her, anxious to be set free for something besides my right hand.

Charlene unbuttoned her blouse, then guided my hands to the opening on the front of her bra. As I peeled back the cups, I revealed two of the most spectacular breasts I have ever seen. I lightly ran my hands over her tits, softly exploring her nipples, which she told me had been hard since she heard my car in the driveway. I moved my mouth down along her soft neck to those luscious globes, running my tongue slowly around one nipple, then the other.

Charlene reached down and peeled my shirt off over my head, my mouth barely breaking contact with

her breasts long enough to let the shirt pass. My hands quickly found her belt and zipper, and in a matter of moments she was kicking her trousers off. I gently eased Charlene, in only her panties, back onto the bed, while I dropped my trousers and shorts.

Charlene sat up and licked the drops of pre-come off the head of my dick. Her hand and mouth worked slowly, then more quickly up and down my shaft. As I felt the surge in my loins begin to build, I told her I was about to come, and she squeezed my cock, holding back the flood of semen I had in store for her tonsils. "Not yet," she whispered. "I have bigger plans for you."

It was my turn to have my appetite satisfied. I eased off her panties as my mouth resumed its acquaintance with her firm, erect nipples. I moved slowly down her stomach to the crest of pubic hair. My tongue traced its narrow outline and slowly ran down the inside of first her right thigh, then her left. I worked my way to her warm, wet cunt, separating its folds with my tongue, lightly penetrating it. Finding her clit, I outlined it softly with my tongue before capturing it with my lips and gently sucking it. Her moans told me I was right on the mark. As I increased the intensity, I could feel her back arch as she shivered through the first of what would be countless orgasms. She cried out as wave after wave of passionate delight shook her body.

Finally, she begged me to fuck her. I slowly teased the opening of her pussy with the head of my cock, rubbing it against her clit like a human vibrator. She came again before I even plunged it inside her, and from that point on it was one orgasm after another in rapid succession, as I placed her legs up on my shoulders and drove my cock home to its long-anticipated reward. After three months of shooting my load into a tissue or onto the floor of the shower, I exploded into Charlene's pulsating pussy.

As the night wore on, she relieved my sexual drought in every way imaginable. I came in her mouth, on

As the night wore on, I came in her mouth, on her breasts, on her beautiful ass, and again in her hot, wet cunt.



her breasts, on her beautiful ass, and again in her hot, wet cunt. When we finally fell asleep, it was only to rest up for one more encounter in the morning before I had to shower and head home to get ready for work.

I won't tell you how the rest of the story turns out, but I will say that Steve was late for his class, as he had been hiding in the closet to watch and wouldn't come out until after I left.—B.T., Indiana

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Go, Susanna

Last week I had the most incredible sexual encounter of my life, and I'm dying to share it with someone. I've read *Penthouse* for many years, but this is the first time anything's happened to me that is worthy of inclusion in your publication.

I recently moved into an apartment complex that is close to my office. The rental manager is a cute little Asian woman named Susanna. She first caught my eye when she was showing me through the model unit. I observed a band on her left-hand ring finger, so I dismissed the thought of anything developing between us. It wasn't long before I discovered how premature my judgment was.

After signing the lease for the apartment, I had to wait a couple of weeks before moving in. Finally move-in day arrived, and I managed to get an early start. About two hours later I heard a soft knock on the open door. I turned around and there was Susanna, looking as cute as ever. "I just came over to do the initial inspection with you," she said. I replied that the other manager had already done one, but that she was welcome to go over it once more in case anything had been missed. She readily agreed, and absently shut the door. I followed her around the unit as she scrutinized the apartment for defects.

In the bathroom, I got my first clue that there was more going on. She kept moving closer, as though the confined space required it. At one point she "accidentally" brushed her rear against my front. She turned and smiled her apology, but an acute throbbing had started in my crotch. She murmured something about having to inspect the bedroom.

I followed her down the short hallway while I visually fondled her plum-shaped bottom. She went inside and "tested" the curtains by closing them. "Well, everything seems ready," she announced. She came very close and faced me directly. "Are you ready?" she asked, running a soft hand across my cheek. Smiling, she leaned forward and kissed me softly on the lips, grasping my hand and bringing it to her breast.

She moved slightly away from me, pulled off her sweater, and allowed me to gaze upon her perfectly shaped breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra—not that she would have ever needed



one. My hands explored her perky tits while she unbuttoned my jeans. She slid them down my legs so I could step out of them. I quickly removed my T-shirt, but not as gracefully as she had doffed her sweater.

Susanna knelt in front of me and covered my midsection with tiny little kisses and nips. Finally her breath fell on my penis. She began by kissing it along the shaft and stroking it lightly with her tongue. When it became fully engorged, she took the entire length in her mouth and sucked and licked. When she realized I was nearing orgasm, she stopped and steered me to the floor.

Her hand gently grasped my penis as she guided me into position.

I moved back and forth, my dick sliding in and out. The only sounds were our heavy breathing and our skin smacking together.

I moved my hips forward till I was fully inside, then paused for a moment. I began to move back and forth, my dick sliding in and out. The only sounds were our heavy breathing and our skin smacking together.

Susanna neared orgasm, so I picked up the pace till I was on the brink, too. I pumped her faster and faster, deeper and harder. Her moans turned to cries and her fingernails clawed at my back as her legs locked tightly around me. Finally she tensed mightily and came with a throaty yell. I let go with a powerful orgasm that coursed throughout my body.

After a few minutes, Susanna said she had better get to her own apartment to clean up before going back to the office. As she and I dressed, we kept glancing at each other and laughing. She kissed me good-bye and left me alone to finish moving in.

Although Susanna is married, she's come over since then for other "inspections." Those stories will have to wait until another time.—L.M., Utah

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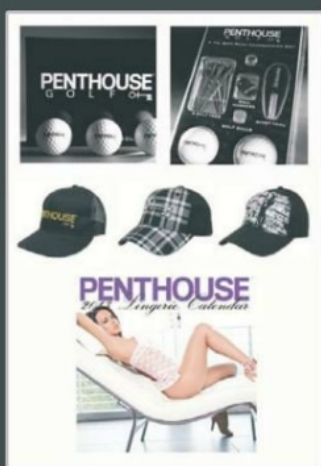
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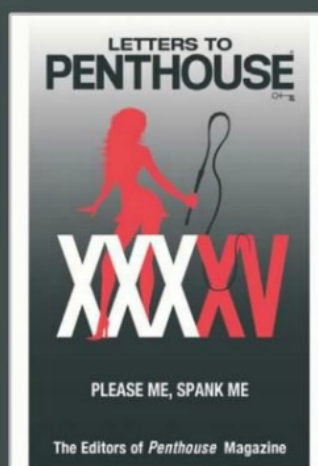
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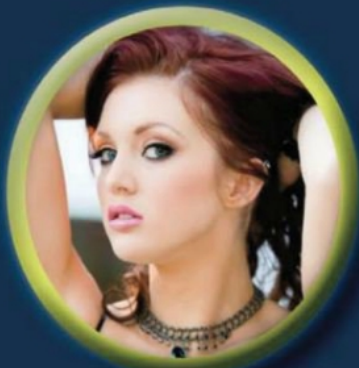
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Teacher's Pet

I've had my eye on Rick, my blond, athletic, and gorgeous kickboxing instructor, since my first lesson. I often found my gaze wandering to his crotch as I wondered how big his cock

was, and fantasized about how good it would feel thrusting in and out of my eager cunt. By the end of each class, my pussy was soaking wet.

Unable to stand it any longer, I stayed after class one day to ask if he'd help me work on a few moves. He readily agreed. We were alone together for the first time, and the room pulsed with sexual tension. Moving slowly toward him, I murmured that I was badly in need of his personal attention, asking what he could show me to improve my technique. I was practically purring.

He turned me around and stood close to demonstrate a punch, and I stepped back closer to him so that our

When his fingers tugged my nipple, a flood of pussy juices rushed out. Neither of us could control ourselves any longer.

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bodies molded together as one. My ass pressed into him, and the feel of his already-hard dick told me he was as deeply aroused as I was. "You're a very beautiful woman," he whispered, kissing my neck. His hand slowly slipped under my sports bra to caress a tit, and when his fingers tugged my nipple, a flood of pussy juices rushed out. Neither of us could control ourselves any longer.

We stumbled across the room toward his office as we kissed wildly and shed our clothes with reckless abandon. He sat me on the edge of his desk and stood between my legs as we voraciously French-kissed. He was gently rolling my hard nipples between his fingers, driving me absolutely crazy. "Suck them," I moaned, softly biting his lower lip to emphasize the urgency. He kissed his way down to my tits as I admired his cock, so magnificently stiff and thick.

My hand closed around his shaft at the same time his mouth closed around my nipple. My pleasure was heightened when his fingers pushed

into my dripping cunt. "I want to taste you," he said. To my surprise, he removed his fingers from my pussy, licked off the cream, then deeply kissed me. No man had ever done that to me before, and Rick's actions made me want him even more.

My hands drew around his buttocks, and, knowing what I wanted, Rick wrapped his hands around my ass and pulled me toward him. With one swift movement his dick found its way into my pussy. In no time at all we were wildly fucking each other, our hips slamming together.

He thrust me into a world of ecstasy, and I experienced the most intense orgasm. Then, after a few extra-hard pumps, he pulled out

his cock—now gleaming with my come—and shot his creamy load in plentiful spurts all over my breasts. As he watched, I massaged his come into my tits. He was enjoying the show of me pulling on my nipples so they stood out, hard as diamonds. His hands came up and took control of my nipples as my fingers slid down and wrapped around his slippery cock. I felt it move with a life all its own. Not only was he ready for more, but my swollen clit demanded another explosion.

I turned around and leaned over the desk, arched my back, and teased my ass against him. Words were unnecessary, as he quickly gripped my hips and slipped his cock inside my hot box. I reached between my legs and vigorously rubbed my clit as he fucked me. Just as I moaned and came, I felt his hot load shoot onto my ass.

We had several more hands-on sex sessions after that, so I got more than my money's worth for the kickboxing course.—T.O., Michigan

He quickly gripped my hips and slipped his cock inside my hot box. I reached between my legs and rubbed my clit.

■ Friday-Afternoon Surprise

One Friday, as I'm driving home from work and looking forward to a couple of days off, my cellphone rings and I see that it's my wife, Vivian. She asks, "Are you on the way home?"

"Yep, just left work."

"Good. I've got a surprise for you when you get here."

"What is it?" I respond, worried that we have company coming tonight. I hate when Viv does that after I've worked all day.

"Well, all I can tell you is, the kids are both at sleepovers and we're going to have some alone time this weekend. Oh, and I'm not wearing any panties right now."

Now that's a surprise I can live with.

"So, are you going to give me a long, wet blowjob?"

"Maybe," she teases. "Can you pick up a pizza before you come home?"

When I pull into our driveway, I see Viv working in the garden. She's bent over on her knees with her back arched, and I feel my cock swell as I think about taking her doggie-style. I get out of my truck and shut the door, and when she hears that, she gets up and walks toward me. She's

wearing a thin white T-shirt with cutoff shorts that are tight around her waist and loose around her legs.

As she gets closer, my eyes are drawn down to her bouncing breasts. Her big, thick nipples are hard and clearly visible through the thin fabric of her shirt. Her tits are bouncing when she walks. As she comes up to me, she smiles and gives me a lingering kiss, pressing her crotch against my leg.

"Do you want some water?"

she asks.

"I'd love some, thanks." I sit down halfway up the steps to the porch and lean back against the railing. She goes into the house and gets me a glass of ice water. After she hands me the glass, she sits on the porch and spreads her legs, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees. I can see up the leg of her shorts to her trimmed blonde pubic hair. Realizing what I'm looking at, she moves the small bit of fabric to one side and leans back slowly, bracing herself with her other arm. She smiles at me

I can feel the head of my cock against the back of her throat as it becomes wetter and wetter from her mouth.



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seductively and moves two fingers up and down her slit, playing with herself but hiding her hand's movements behind her leg. She thrusts two fingers into her pussy, moving in and out, slowly and deeply. Taking her fingers out, she spreads her wetness onto the outside of her labia, opening herself with her thumb and ring finger so she can rub her swollen clit. She has my full attention, until I'm snapped back to reality when the mail truck pulls up.

"Do you want to go inside?" she asks.

Without hesitation I stand up and say, "Of course."

She immediately takes her shorts off and sits down on the end of the coffee table, her legs straddling the top. I pull the neck of her T-shirt down under her big breasts so they are cradled and pulled together. Her nipples are already hard, so I reach down and tweak them while she looks at herself with pleasure.

She unzips my pants and pulls out my thick, seven-inch cock. She grabs the head of it and runs her lips from the base to the top, over and over, before taking my balls into her

mouth. She admires my full erection for a moment, then takes my entire swollen dick into her mouth. I can feel the head of my cock against the back of her throat as it becomes wetter and wetter from her mouth. She keeps all of me in her mouth for as long as she can, then she starts moving her head up and down until I am ready to come. I can feel my dick tighten and swell, so I pull out of her mouth. My dick rubs the side of her cheek, and a glistening thread of pre-come and saliva stretches from the side of her mouth to the end of my cock.

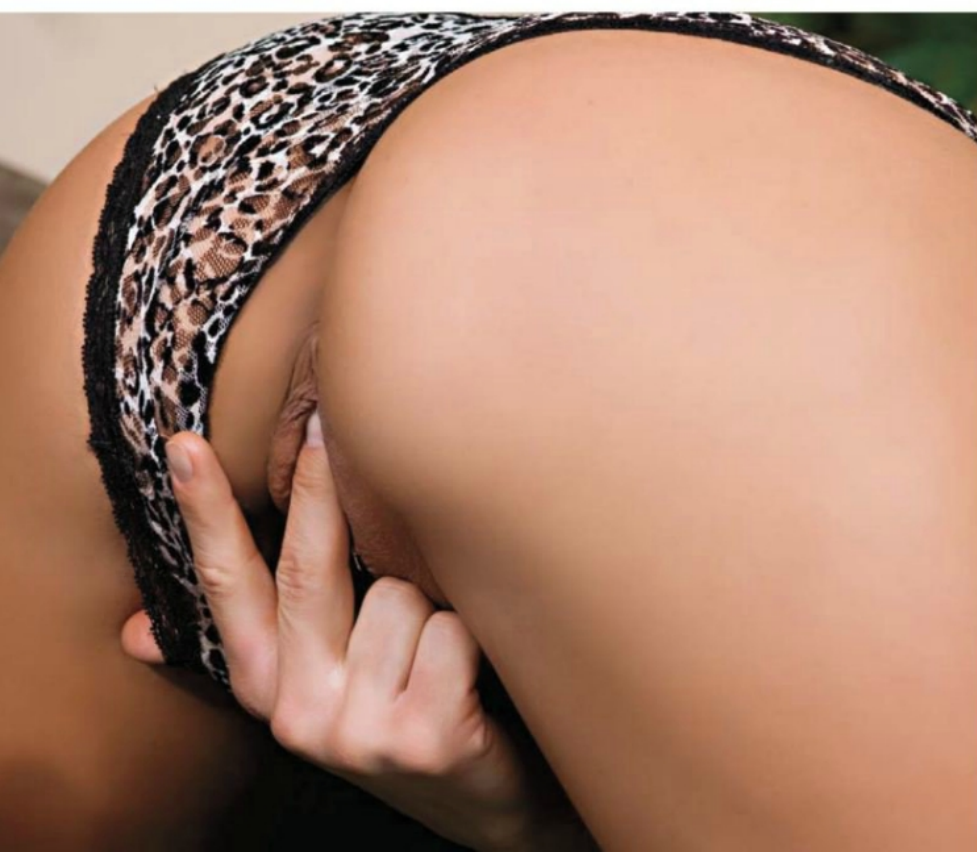
"Come in my mouth?" she asks.

How can I refuse that request? I grab her tits, tweaking and twisting her nipples, as she takes my cock back into her mouth. I thrust into her a half dozen times before I shoot down her throat, and Viv moves back a bit so my come drips out of her mouth and down her chin.

"This weekend is starting out perfect!" I say, completely satisfied.

"It is," Viv says with a laugh, lying back on the table and rubbing her clit again. "Now get over here and make me come before the pizza's ice cold."—D.H., Florida

She's bent over on her knees with her back arched, and my cock swells as I think about taking her doggie-style.



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